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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 322 — *JULY 26, 1924* — NO. 4177

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

ALSACE-LORRAINE

THE recovered provinces of France occupied the front of the stage at Paris for a brief period during the debate upon the programme of the Herriot Cabinet. The Premier, consistently with the platform of his supporters, announced the intention of the Government to withdraw the French Ambassador from the Vatican. It will be recalled that this Embassy had been reëstablished by the preceding Government, after several years' abeyance during the anti-Clerical régime On the other hand the Alsace and Lorraine Catholics had recognized relations with the Vatican under the German Government, and their representatives protested against the interruption of these relations by the new Paris Ministry. This protest, in which twenty-one of the twenty-four Deputies from the two provinces joined, was thus presented by their spokesman, M. Robert Shuman: 'We are grievously surprised at the Ministry's declaration in so far as it proposes to apply to the recovered provinces the religious and school legislation of France in its entirety.' One of the excited Deputies called this a betrayal — '*C'est une trahison!*'

Premier Herriot, with the enthusiastic support of the Left, insisted on his position: that no concordat or contract between the French Government and the Vatican existed, and that therefore no special status under a concordat could be given the Catholics of Alsace-Lorraine. Of course the Protestant population of these provinces was not involved in any case.

This incident — which, so far as surface indications show, was of only passing moment — adds to the interest of a description of conditions in Alsace-Lorraine in a late issue of *Vossische Zeitung* by a recent German visitor, Otto Grautoff, a well-known art writer who resided in Paris for many years before the war. He found Strassburg entirely French — 'French signs, French posters, French names on the tramcars. Peasants and old people talk Alsatian. Young people talk a mixture of both languages. The better classes speak French.' He introduced himself as a German, expecting to receive a sympathetic re-

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sponse from some of Germany's former subjects. In this he was disappointed. 'I felt as if I were in a vacuum. I strolled through the cheerful, crowded streets with a choking feeling in my throat. I never before felt so alone, so far from home, in my life.' His conclusion is, 'We have irretrievably lost the Alsatians.'

There is not a German theatre, a German bookstore, or a German newspaper of importance in Strassburg. I saw no modern German books. Yet the Alsatians did not complain. There is no German protest party; there are only a few discontented individuals. To be sure, several political factions exist, none of them important, and most of them endorsing Poincaré. After 1870 the intellectual and economic élite of Alsace migrated to France. The smallest town in the Republic kept alive the memory of the lost provinces by naming streets and squares and even private villas after Alsace, Lorraine, Strassburg, and Metz. But after 1918 no Alsatian élite migrated to Germany, and no German town felt the loss of the provinces deeply enough thus to commemorate their names. Worse still, the vigorous young people of Alsace-Lorraine flocked — bear in mind my word, flocked — to the French cadet schools, and already some of France's best officers are natives of these provinces.

Alsatian teachers, most of whom were educated in German gymnasia, readily responded to the call of the French Government and went to Paris or to provincial towns to learn the language of the country. They have quickly and willingly become French. In fact, the assimilation has gone on faster than the French expected. That was the universal testimony. It is only necessary to talk with the people on the streets and in the shops to learn this. An old Alsatian said to me: 'We are thankful to the Germans for the excellent administrative system they gave us, but we have no political sympathy with Germany. We feel as we do not because of Germany's political blunders, but because we have an instinctive aversion to German rule. That is shown by the common remark among our people: "Whatever Germany did for Alsace was done for the glory of Germany, and not for the welfare of Alsace. But France merely had to give us the tricolor to make us enthusiastic Frenchmen."'

To this he adds the following significant qualification: —

The only people who still resist are the Catholic clergy. I entered the Cathedral. The voices of a German children's choir rang through the multicolored obscurity of the ancient edifice. Never have deep organ notes and human voices moved me so deeply as in this last oasis of German culture in Alsace.

The new Amnesty Bill, which provides for the complete pardon of persons condemned for political offenses since 1914, is another moot issue in the new Cabinet's domestic policy. Naturally M. Caillaux immediately comes to mind. His supereminent ability as a financier and politician is unquestioned — although a certain nimbus that has gathered about him during his eclipse may have exaggerated somewhat his reputation. If he returns to public life, it may not be altogether to the advantage of the Party to which he nominally belongs, for the Radicals have found new leaders, and might be embarrassed by the sudden appearance of their old champion in their midst. Furthermore, during his occultation Caillaux is said to have drifted farther to the Left. At least the Socialists are quite as enthusiastic advocates of his immediate pardon as are his own party associates. His reappearance in public life will make him and his friends, regardless of party, the centre of attack by a still powerful Chauvinist clique; but rather inconsistently, perhaps, for even Poincaré's Cabinet pardoned Marty, the leader of the French naval mutineers at the time of the Bolshevist Revolution,

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whose act, if not so subtly dangerous to the State as Caillaux's, — assuming the worst interpretation of the latter's motives to be true, — was frankly confessed and openly defended.

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ANOTHER REPORT ON GERMANY

THE last of the reports issued periodically by the British Department of Overseas Trade upon 'Economic and Financial Conditions in Germany' discusses three outstanding questions: the currency, the occupied territories, and the expiration on January 10, 1925, of Germany's temporary obligation under the Peace Treaty to grant all signatories of that treaty one-sided, most-favored-nation treatment.

Speaking of the new Rentenmark, the authors of the Report say that it has produced a quite extraordinary change in the economic and financial condition of the country. From the tourists' point of view 'it has the disadvantage of artificially increasing prices. . . . Only sixteen to eighteen Rentenmarks are obtainable for a pound sterling, although the purchasing power of the Rentenmark is less than that of a British shilling.' These authorities consider the foundation of the new monetary unit unsatisfactory, because it is based on 'a practically unrealizable security' — the land. In case its guarantors were asked to pay up their mortgages in order to redeem the bonds against which this currency is issued, they simply could not do so. Consequently the stability of the Rentenmark depends largely on sentiment.

Turning to the occupied territories, Mr. Kavanagh, one of the authors of the Report, observes: 'It would be little exaggeration to say that the industrial units comprised within the Rhineland and the Ruhr Basin represent a proportion of the national wealth-creating organism which might be found to exceed that in the remainder of Germany.' Describing this region more in detail the Report says: —

> The occupied territory produces in the main raw materials or those semi-manufactures which form the raw material of other industries: coal, iron, steel, rolled goods, chemicals, and a certain amount of artificial silk. . . . Of Germany's coal reserves 90 per cent are in the occupied territory, 85 per cent of her coal production, 90 per cent of her coke, 77 per cent of her pig iron, 82 per cent of her raw steel, and 80 per cent of her rolled goods. The figures relating to the movement of foods in Germany also show the close interrelation between the two areas. In 1920, the last year for which statistics are available, nearly 70 per cent of the goods sent out of occupied territory went to unoccupied Germany, while over 75 per cent of the goods received by occupied territory came from unoccupied territory.
>
> The occupied territories — which, with the Saar and the Ruhr, comprise 34,600 square kilometres and a population of 11,700,000, representing nearly a fifth of the total and a quarter of the industrial population of Germany — were a very important and reliable market for many products of the unoccupied portion of Germany. They bought large quantities of cotton tissues, woolen goods, hosiery, ready-made clothing, electrotechnical and leather goods, cellulose, rubber, and building material; 70 per cent of the production of the German tobacco industry went into occupied territory.

With the expiration of the provision of the Peace Treaty assuring the signatory Powers most-favored-nation treatment in Germany, regardless of the treatment they accord her commerce, Berlin will recover 'one of the most important advantages in negotiating commercial treaties.' Therefore —

> It is to be expected that Germany will employ the interval in preparing a new and more active commercial policy which will

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find expression in a new series of commercial treaties next year. The chief object aimed at will be the stimulation of exports. It is suggested in the press and elsewhere that in addition to most-favored-nation treatment Germany should ask for guaranties that she will be allowed to export certain definite minimum quantities to any particular country. Germany holds an advantageous position with regard to transit traffic, owing to the large area which she occupies in Central Europe, and she may take advantage of this fact in order to secure passport facilities for her nationals and freight advantages for her goods.

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AIR DEFENSE

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER C. DENNIS BURNEY, whose imperial airship scheme has just been adopted by the British Government, contributes articles upon air defense and the aerial commerce of the future to the June 21 issues of both the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review*. He is an ardent champion of vessels of the Shenandoah and super-Shenandoah type, such as our own navy is now acquiring, and of close coöperation between the Admiralty and the Air Ministry.

So far as can be seen at present, it will be several decades before aeroplanes have that great radius of action necessary for operation over the great ocean routes, so we may say that the tendency must be for the defense of the British Isles to become more and more aerial, but for the defense of the outer Empire to remain almost completely naval. The acceptance of this doctrine carries with it the necessity for a reorientation of our naval bases and dockyards. We require more dockyards abroad and in the Dominions, and fewer at home. But this reorganization is not likely to take place so long as the Admiralty and the Air Ministry remain in competition instead of coöperating.

In his *Saturday Review* article Commander Burney emphasizes the importance of both types of aircraft:—

There are some who contend that aeroplanes are to be preferred to airships, but in reality the two kinds of aircraft have their distinctive uses. They are not antagonistic but complementary. The airship is primarily suited for long-distance flights, such as no aeroplane could traverse because of

(*a*) The need for more frequent refueling of aeroplanes;

(*b*) The difficulties and dangers of night flying in aeroplanes;

(*c*) The fact that continued flight day after day in an aeroplane involves an immense strain upon both passengers and pilot. On the contrary, airship travel is ideally comfortable, and is comparable only to first-class railway traveling from which noise and vibration have been virtually eliminated; flights can continue by night as well as by day; and refueling is necessary only at intervals of about 3000 miles. When once airship travel is made available to the public, it cannot fail to be popular with long-distance travelers.

But travelers require safety as well as comfort, and in the public mind airships have become associated with disasters such as overtook the R-38 and the Dixmude. In this connection it is well to recall that these accidents have been confined to vessels built for war purposes, in which solidity had been sacrificed to lightness of structure, with the result that an insufficient margin of strength had been left to meet unusual stresses. On the other hand regular passenger services have been run over long periods in Germany without the least mishap. The type of airship that is to be built for the commercial services of the future will be twice as large as any yet constructed, and of much more robust construction. Danger of fire will be minimized by the use of heavy oil instead of petrol as fuel, and by surrounding the hydrogen gasbags with a layer of inert gas. It must also be borne in mind that much progress has been made, and many technical problems resolved, through recent research and experiment, and that the new airship will mark a very great advance on anything that has yet been attempted.

While the airship is not primarily a fighting instrument, it has a clear

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defined field of service in future naval strategy, respecting which the author has a word to say that is not without interest for America: —

The focus of naval power has moved to the Pacific Ocean and, owing to the manner in which land and water are distributed over the surface of the earth, the area to be patrolled in the Pacific is three times that which had formerly to be patrolled in the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. The cost of constructing and maintaining sufficient seagoing vessels to cope adequately with this extra work would be likely to impose on this country a greater economic burden than it could bear, but if the development of airships were suitably and promptly undertaken they could perform at an immensely reduced cost the reconnaissance duties that are necessary to control great ocean spaces.

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LABOR UNIONS IN PALESTINE

DURING the last session of the International Trades-Union Congress at Amsterdam, a representative of the Dutch Labor Daily, *Het Volk*, interviewed the three delegates from Palestine — one of whom represented the Rural Workers Union, and the two others the Public Works Employees — regarding labor conditions in their country. About half of the twenty thousand wage-earners in Palestine are organized. The unions accept Communists and 'Orthodox Jews' without distinction. Indeed, they welcome Arabs when they will join, and they do count some Arab railway employees among their members. The outstanding feature of the Labor movement in Palestine is the large part that coöperative undertakings play in the life of the workers. For instance, there is a building-trades coöperative with 2500 members and an agricultural coöperative with 2000 members. These productive coöperatives buy and sell through a central distributive coöperative society, *Hamashbir*, which purchases raw materials and disposes of finished goods. In addition to the trades-unions and their associated coöperatives there is a Socialist Party in Palestine.

To the question: 'What is your attitude toward immigration?' the delegates replied: 'The Jews who migrate to Palestine are generally people who have no special trade or at least no experience in agriculture, which is the mainstay of the country. We do all we can to assist the authorities in finding employment for these people, so that each newcomer who is willing to work may have something suitable to do, and not become a burden to the community.'

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MINOR NOTES

Tehvid, a Turkish paper representing the commercial interests of Constantinople, has published a pessimistic article upon the city's trade decline. Greek and Armenian merchants find the restrictions imposed upon them by the new Turkish Government so onerous that they are migrating in numbers to Saloniki and Piræus, where they are setting up new establishments and taking business away from Constantinople. Manufacturing is following in their wake. For example, the number of looms for weaving Turkish carpets in Greece in 1920 was only 200. Three years later the number had grown to 2500 looms, producing 10,000 square metres of carpet annually. The trade in Persian carpets, which formerly passed through Constantinople, has been diverted to Greek ports, since the Greeks are the principal middlemen in this trade. Even more important as determining the future routes of commerce is the emigration of the coaling business from Constantinople to other ports.

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THE recent Canterbury Diocesan Conference at Westminster discussed among other things the minimum wage in the Church. An Ecclesiastical Commission in Great Britain has provided a fund to supplement the revenues of the poorer clergy up to a certain point. To quote from the press report of the Conference: —

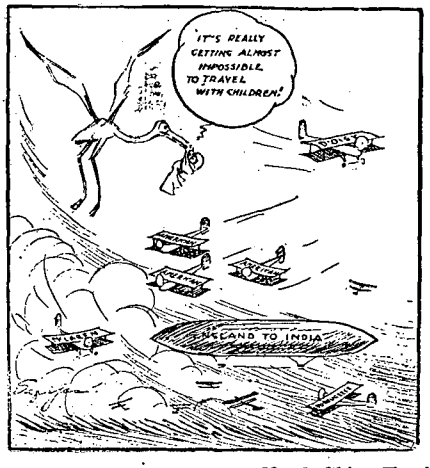
> Under that scheme, if a benefice has a population of 300 or more, the income will not be less than £300 per annum; if the population is 1000 or more, the minimum income will be £350; and if the population is 4000 or more, the income will not be less than £400 a year. Five sixths of the work has already been accomplished; 2293 benefices have thus been augmented, the grants for this amounting to £105,000 per annum. About 350 cases still remain to be dealt with, and the whole scheme will, it is hoped, as regards existing benefices in public patronage, be completed in less than three months.

OUR land of liberty — often characterized by the Radical Europe of to-day as the most conservative country in the world — will probably hear much of Conservative and Progressive programmes during the coming campaign. The following 'Eight Points of Freedom,' agreed upon by the Executive of the National League of Young Liberals — who occupy middle ground between the Conservatives and the Labor Party — at a recent meeting in the House of Commons, may suggest a base line by which to determine our position relatively to that of Great Britain in the procession of progress: (1) Freedom of all nations based upon the League of Nations; (2) Freedom of trade, external and internal; (3) Freedom from burdensome taxation by the adoption of direct taxation; (4) Freedom of the community to draw upon communal value by the taxation and rating of land values; (5) Freedom from injurious monopolies; (6) Freedom for the worker aided by a National Industrial Council, and a National Insurance scheme to cover accidents, old age, and the cases of widows and children; (7) Freedom of the individual to secure better housing, health, and education; (8) Freedom of the electorate to be won by proportional representation.

THE MATTEOTTI CASE

PILATE-MUSSOLINI. 'I wash my hands in innocence.' — *Het Volk*, Amsterdam

LIFE'S MULTIPLYING PERPLEXITIES



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AN APPEAL TO AMERICA

BY ALFONS PAQUET

[*Several articles by this distinguished German author and traveler have previously appeared in the* Living Age.]

From *Der Neue Merkur, April*
(Berlin Literary Monthly)

Every country that does not meddle in the affairs of other countries is a land of peace. America is such a land of peace. She has had a long experience of peace, thanks to her geographical situation, and to the wonderful unity of her people despite their varied ancestry. She is great, wealthy, and impregnable. In the extremely improbable case of foreign attack, her mountains, waterways, and coasts would defend her better than powerful armies. In sum, she is the most favored country on the globe, and almost outside the sphere of earthly turmoil.

Nevertheless, America does depend on the rest of the world. Every disturbance of the peace, wherever it occurs, threatens not only the life and property of American citizens residing abroad, but also in some degree her own prosperity, which rests directly upon her relations, both economic and cultural, with other countries. The United States has a real interest in permanent world-peace. In the same way that her domestic policies are designed to keep order at home, so can her foreign policies be designed to keep order abroad.

Three ways of promoting peace suggest themselves. These are to buy peace, to teach peace, and to live peace.

Some will object: 'No one can buy peace. If a man attacks me on the street, I cannot defend myself with a ten-dollar bill; I must use my fists. If I want to spend money to defend myself, I pay it to a boxing instructor.' That argument is sound so far as the usual practice of statesmen goes. To be sure, some statesmen have chosen wiser methods — for instance, Pericles and William Penn. Pericles bought peace for Athens with the gold he lavished in his own country and in foreign states. With the war treasure collected by the Greek cities he built the wonderful temple on the Acropolis, and paid his friend Phidias to carve for it out of gold and ivory a marvelous statue of Pallas Athene. He beautified Athens so that she was famous for centuries, and even her conquerors spared her.

When the Athenians wished to make war they found their war chest empty. Pericles taught them to gain their political ends by better methods than an appeal to arms. He subsidized the peace parties in Sparta and in Persia when their rulers wished to attack Athens. Some historians have denounced this as reprehensible. They have called it bribery. But Pericles gained his object. He secured for Athens a long period of peace, even though he was compelled to start a few wars, or to threaten hostilities at times, to make his enemies negotiate.

William Penn bought peace in a very different way. He built no Parthenon, erected no immortal monuments, bribed nobody. He founded a State and yet refrained from enriching

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himself excessively at the cost of others, although he had abundant opportunity and power to do so. He lived like a modest citizen among his colonists, and the Indians trusted him because he faithfully kept his word to them. For many years the Colony of Pennsylvania was true to its policy of peace. William Penn even drafted a plan for a European parliament of nations, a precursor of the present League of Nations.

But what can the United States do to-day to buy peace? Many people imagine that Uncle Sam might induce bellicose European Governments to keep the peace by remitting the debts they owe him. Undoubtedly those countries would welcome such a favor, and it might abate somewhat their warlike spirit. But no one can say how long their good behavior would last, and other Governments would immediately ask for similar treatment; so that Uncle Sam would be kept busy loaning money that was never to be repaid. It is unwise to set bad precedents in such matters. We must not undermine the fundamental principle of business intercourse, that governments, like individuals, must pay their debts.

Another suggestion is to subsidize pacifist organizations in all parts of the world, to help them enlarge their activities; and also to encourage with government backing financial projects interested in the maintenance of peace. But while such a scheme is open to fewer objections than the one previously suggested, it presents many difficulties. Capital is neither pacifist nor militant; it seeks simply to multiply itself, whether by peaceful commerce or by munitions contracts and war loans. The boards of directors of certain trusts and banks may prefer peace to war, but the preservation of peace is too important a matter to be left to either the intelligence or the caprice of financiers. Furthermore, money is not a panacea for any malady, certainly not for the malady of war.

It is true that the American people have made a large use of money since the Armistice. They have sent liberal gifts to destitute peoples, and have thereby prevented much disorder, demoralization, and brooding upon desperate remedies. Perhaps this has meant more for the world than the average man realizes, and these gifts might be regarded as 'expenses for peace-maintenance.' It is conceivable that national budgets may in time include a sum to be devoted to immediate relief when great disasters occur in foreign countries, with the idea that such charity strengthens international friendship and weakens war psychosis. But such a device is merely a palliative — it would never reach the root of the disease.

We can teach only the things we know well. One of the greatest obstacles to teaching peace effectively is the peace dilettantism that to-day floods the world with its oratory and aphorisms. A host of eager, well-meaning pacifists injure their cause whenever they fall into argument with military advocates who know their subject thoroughly. There is a highly elaborated philosophy of war. Its prophets are Julius Cæsar, Napoleon, and Moltke. Some even appeal to Darwin's theory of the survival of the fittest, although the deeper lesson of his hypothesis is the brotherhood of all animate nature. We have many war colleges and able textbooks on military science. Every army is not only a great body of armed men, but also a school where thousands of soldiers are taught the art of war. But there are no peace schools to teach what forms of peace are good and permanent and what are not, or to inculcate an en-

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lightened understanding of the laws of peace and a practical knowledge of the measures by which controversies may be solved without resort to war. Yet great teachers have arisen who have preached a gospel of peace. The greatest of them have laid down their lives for it. Their names are household words; why do we not listen to them?

We must study critically the historians who profess to interpret the records of the past, to see if they have truly appraised the relative importance of the events they describe, and have given due weight to achievements of peace as compared with exploits of arms. Many a brilliant historian is a war-worshiper, and asks us to admire deeds we should condemn indignantly if done in ordinary transactions between man and man. We are wont to draw a distinction between just wars and predatory wars, fought in an atmosphere of lies, broken treaties, and appeals to the baser passions. Men make much of this distinction, but we have not learned similarly to distinguish between different kinds of peace. One kind is founded upon force and oppression, and is only latent war. So long as this kind of peace prevails, we shall justly honor the soldier who lays down his life to abolish it. But what disillusionment awaits him on this path! If we study the words of the great teachers of mankind, we learn what just peace is, and that it is attained by other means than violence. Why, then, do we so rarely find a statesman courageous enough to follow a policy for which his nation will eternally thank him, a policy of conciliation, meekness, and nonresistance? We must confess that many a friend of peace and lover of his fellow man will betray his faith before he will incur the taunt of lukewarm patriotism.

This is no theme for daydreams. Of course, we can have an orderly house if we put a policeman with a club before the door. It is harder but far more important to convince men that war and peace represent two entirely different worlds. We can easily crisscross the earth's surface with strategic frontiers. That is part of modern geography, but not its final word. If national boundaries and the location of cities had been determined solely by hostile strategy, disregarding the influences that bring peoples together in mutual confidence, we should indeed be living in a world where might alone is right. Our conventional teachers of history, international law, and geography have never hitherto classified their facts so as to give a clear and consistent picture of this problem.

All our thinkers and artists, all our schools and universities throughout the world, ought to be the pioneers of a great peace empire, in which it is possible to discuss with mutual comprehension subjects that become distorted and confused in the turbid atmosphere of the street. We must begin with the spiritual and intellectual aspects of peace. They lead directly toward the goal, which is nothing less than to establish the Kingdom of God on earth. Instead of that, however, our schools and scholars now choose a perilous detour to that goal through the narrow confines of selfish nationalism.

In the present universal confusion bitter criticism is leveled at such seemingly distinct phases of modern civilization as its laws, its economic institutions, and even its mechanical and scientific progress, because these are accused of encouraging intellectual attitudes and habits of thought that communicate and fortify the war spirit. But many artists, scholars, and thinkers do see the fallacies that invite this criticism. They should be encouraged. They are swimming against the tide. Their voices are seldom heard,

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for only rarely there rises among them a man like Bernard Shaw, who can catch the ear of a vast audience.

Moreover, the science of peace must be based upon something broader than an individual doctrine or one man's hobby. It must be developed by institutions whose serious researches lend authority to the conclusions of their staffs. Consider what might be accomplished for teaching peace by a group of savants supported by a great pacifist nation like the United States. Has there ever been a better clinic for studying the disease of war than Europe affords to-day? This science can be taught. Its data have already been accumulated in the records of hundreds of institutions; it is a living truth in the hearts and minds of thousands of men and women who either individually or in association have long combated the doctrines and the psychology of war. The demand for this new teaching is particularly strong in the younger generation of every country, for the conviction is dawning upon our youth that the doctrine of war spells death.

Some Periclean academy should disassociate war and politics from their intimate and age-long alliance, to demonstrate that war is not the natural condition of man, and to carry these truths convincingly to the scholars and teachers of every land.

To live peace demands neither books nor dogmas. Jesus had neither an academy nor an endowment. He pronounced no judgment on the past or upon the wars either of his own nation or of the Romans, who oppressed his people with what was called the Roman peace — *pax Romana*. He lived peace. The Greeks, the Hindus, and the Chinese have also produced great teachers who lived peace. Naturally it is all-important that those who would teach peace to-day should study the men and women who have lived peace in troublous and perilous times. It is well worth inquiring why we revere such men as the greatest teachers of humanity, although most of them failed in their mission. Many wise and proud men have lived war. Some of them have led their people to great achievements, for they knew how to arouse intense appetites and passions that carried them directly to their goal; but just beyond that goal has lurked disaster. Nor do men who sought peace through the statesman's craft, like Comenius and William Penn, occupy the most exalted niches in the hall of fame. The great peace-apostles who have made that doctrine an inspiration were little more than laymen in either philosophy or statesmanship. But they were inspired masters of a science that taught them to recognize the true nature and power of peace, and to pursue a course of conduct that in the end proved stronger than brute force.

Yes, it is possible for both individuals and nations to live under a peace polity. Every country and race contains groups that live under such a polity, but usually in obedience to a religious creed of limited acceptance. Certain monastic orders and certain sects like the Quakers, Dunkers, and Mennonites, at once come to mind. They embrace practical men, who know the ways of the world, accommodate themselves to existing institutions, and are useful members of the community. But these sects are not numerous enough to afford a solution for the tremendous problem that faces us.

Even a country with a great army may live a life of peace. An army that never fights, to be sure, eventually becomes an onerous burden that taxpayers are loath to support. It is better to put aside our weapons than to clutch them until our hands are numb. A country with colonies also can live

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peace, provided it does not preoccupy itself with their defense.

Can a single nation live peace, however, so long as another nation exists that does not accept that doctrine, but constantly brandishes a shining sword? Let us ask nations that have lived defenseless among armed neighbors, like the people of the Rhineland in the old days, when their city leagues were the cradle and nursery of Europe's earliest democracy — from which the Swiss Republic and independent Holland sprang. Switzerland was able to withdraw from the Holy Roman Empire because nature gave her a fastness in the Alps. The people of Holland defended their independence against the Spaniards with the help of their dikes and the sea. Some nations have learned to live peace, in a long career of untroubled independence, because of a favorable geographical situation. But there are other nations whose love of peace comes from their longing to possess it, whose unhappy geographical situation constantly exposes them to the arbitrary intimidation of belligerent neighbors. These two kinds of nations are very different in many respects, but both cherish in common this pacifist sentiment. Wherever two great, restless Powers rub against each other, some third nation suffers from their enmity, and would have them friendly at any cost. This phenomenon is so typically European that Americans may have difficulty in understanding it.

But the longing for a future United States of the World has struck deep root in the bosoms of millions of men in our old continent. America should turn her eyes toward these millions, who live in constant fear that any day their homes may become a battlefield. They have learned their lesson in the hard school of experience. Their love of peace is as great as the crushing threat of war that overwhelms them. Every nation that lives in the midst of international danger, yet knows the value of international friendship, can make practical and wise contributions to a peace polity; for its thought is stimulated by its own peril, and it has a sympathetic understanding for all other nations that share its condition.

Furthermore, it is well to remember that honor and justice seldom rule in the intercourse between weak and powerful neighbors. Justice will never prevail between nations until there is an authority to which all may appeal on terms of complete equality.

What elements of the people are best prepared to understand and to coöperate in a peace policy proclaimed by a Great Power? The inhabitants of large cities, especially of busy marts of trade and seaports, are naturally the most devoted to peace. They are already part of a United States. Such places are melting pots of nations. If our great metropolises had more influence upon international policy we should have fewer wars. Natives and strangers intermingle on their streets. But our so-called national States are different. Each considers itself a chosen people. Yet if we study the history of any one of them we come upon many curious, arbitrary, and accidental episodes in their genealogy. Rare indeed is the nation that is an organic unit by descent. For this reason such States are never finished, never at peace within themselves. America should lend her aid to defend every border country in the world against the oppression of its neighbors, and thus make it a focus for the spread of internationalism.

Unless astonishing changes occur, no one will expect a nation to change its entire character overnight, and no one will expect America suddenly to lay

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aside her new shining armor — America with her modern warships, her high-spirited troops, her constantly manœuvring squadrons on both the great seas. . . . But so far she is not a land of war like the nations of Europe with their age-old quarrels. She is still plastic and can guide her course toward the goal of all nations who set their hopes on peace. She will naturally do so unless her legislation is designedly directed toward military ends. As a nation of peace she still has the choice between perpetuating her present ambiguous position or choosing a course that definitely steers away from war.

GIACOMO MATTEOTTI

BY ODA OLBERG

[*This article by* Arbeiter Zeitung's *Rome correspondent was apparently written under the grip of the emotion produced by the tragedy it describes. The assassination of the parliamentary leader of the Italian Socialists may not produce the immediate effect predicted by the writer, but its ultimate consequences may be quite as grave as he imagines.*]

From *Arbeiter Zeitung, June* 21
(Vienna Conservative Socialist Daily)

Matteotti was author of the phrase: 'We must have courage to be cowards.' When the Fascisti began to assault the defenseless farm-laborers of Italy with bludgeons and revolvers, he gave the order of the day not to resist force with force. He counseled against useless sacrifice; he refused to lead to slaughter heroes whose noblest deeds would remain unrecorded. The proletariat was disarmed. It seemed to him unworthy of Socialism to incite its scattered converts in country hamlets to a resistance whose humble victims would suffer and die in a merely decorative rôle.

Indeed a deep sense of responsibility was Matteotti's outstanding trait. His insight into actuality was so keen that phrase-making and posing shriveled to their true nothingness before his searching gaze. He was not a man of big words, and he did not know that he was a man of great deeds. It seemed as natural and sensible to him to check impetuous, hot-headed, rash acts of vengeance as it was to face death coolly when death would best serve the cause.

The same stern sense of duty that made him tireless and painstaking in his routine tasks as party secretary and parliamentary deputy drove him to the most exposed point on the battle-line when the call to heroic action reached his ears.

Matteotti was neither callous to honors nor carried away by them. His strength of character and his capacity to win the confidence and loyalty of men sprang from his genuineness and clear vision. A person who saw the boyish smile that used to play like a sunbeam across his austere countenance might imagine him quite unconscious of the fate that was unescapably in store for him. But Matteotti knew it. He told me only a few weeks before

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he was murdered that some victim must lay down his life for the cause. He said it with a tone and an expression that thrilled me with instant premonition of a tragedy to come; but I did not express my fear. Remonstrances would have been vain with one so modestly dedicated to what he conceived to be his duty. Matteotti knew that the Fascisti had the power and the purpose to put him out of the way, but that was no reason for retreating from the task fate had given him — that of indicting the fathomless corruption of their régime. He was like a tree that, towering above the surrounding forest, first invites the woodsman's axe.

Yet nothing would have been more foreign to his temperament than to become intoxicated with his own heroism. Any gladiatorial pose, any seeking of the spotlight, was alien to his nature. The haze that æsthetic delight in our own gestures often raises between us and reality never dimmed his vision. In truth, however, he did not buy the palm of martyrdom for a cheap price. Every Socialist who speaks the common tongue of Socialism that he spoke, every worker, whether his tool be the hammer or the pen, should realize that this man went open-eyed to death for our cause — that he saw his Golgotha ahead of him. Matteotti had already fallen once before into the hands of Fascist bravoes. He had felt their bestial wrath wreaked on his own person until a kind of reverence for his fearlessness checked their blows.

Yet there was also a Gethsemane on his road to Golgotha. He was a most attractive man, remarkably likable; he was blessed with youth, health, a happy family circle, a liberal fortune. He had, above all, the more intimate treasures of a sympathetic loving heart and an alert receptive mind absorbingly interested in everything that had to do with his fellow men. He delighted in study and in good works.

How could it be possible, therefore, for him to escape hours when his heart was as heavy as Christ's on the Mount of Olives — when his cup seemed almost too bitter to quaff? He must have summoned all his vitality and youth and vigor to overcome this feeling. The unceasing tremulous fear of his young wife kept the dangers he incurred constantly before his eyes and may well have tempted him to seek a post less exposed to the vengeance of his enemies. But Matteotti disobeyed his own injunction to have the courage to be a coward when his own safety was in question. For himself there was but one motto: Duty unto death.

Happily for ourselves, we cannot picture, in the horrible and unsparing colors of truth, the actual circumstances of his atrocious death. The mere statement that this young, noble, conscientious man was set upon by five ruffians, overpowered, beaten, mutilated, foully slaughtered, cannot call to our eyes the full reality of the atrocious vision. That the last glance of this man, who had faith in the goodness of his fellow men and went to his death for that faith, met eye-to-eye the hate-distorted glare of human beasts for whom his death struggle was a sport — that is too vile a vision for a normal human mind to conceive in its naked horror.

They have not dared to produce the body because it was so cruelly mutilated. But one of the Fascist assassins described the death struggle to a confidant during his flight. When the murderers were stabbing him, Matteotti cried: 'You can kill me, but not my cause. You cannot kill my cause. My children will be proud of their father. The proletariat will bless my corpse.' His last words were: 'Long live Socialism!'

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The assassin added that if Matteotti had not been so 'fresh,' and had begged for his life and renounced his errors, they might not have 'taken the last recourse.' I do not believe that. I believe that the whole tragedy, including the final concealment of the body, was plotted in advance.

But there is much to give plausibility to this recital of Matteotti's last words. His reference to his children accords accurately with what we know of his manner of speech. The kind of men who kill for money do not invent such words. It also agrees with something that Matteotti said to me only a month ago, when he expressed the opinion that a man could endow his children better by setting them a noble example of personal courage and devotion to duty than by carefully sheltering his own life for their sake. Consequently we may receive some consolation from the thought that in the dark hour of death our comrade's soul was illuminated by an inner vision; that he did not see the hate-distorted features of his assassins, but the great, noble visage of humanity as he conceived it in his heart. The madness and brutishness of men proved puny and futile against the true grandeur of the human soul, and his death was submerged in victory.

But this consolation should not tempt us in our littleness to be reconciled with this man's cruel end; it should rather be a solemn admonition to every one of us. If Matteotti's faith in his cause exalted him so immeasurably above his murderers, it is a cause to which we must dedicate ourselves anew. We must not elevate our martyr to a pedestal that exalts him above the community of mankind. We must not make him too great to be imitated. No, let him remain merely a noble comrade, not removed from our companionship by his death, but a perpetual example of how to live for our cause.

Matteotti devoted his whole life to routine labor — mostly to the petty drudgery of a party secretary. He exerted himself to the utmost, though unhappily with but moderate success, to awaken in the Socialist parties of other lands an intelligent interest in what was occurring in Italy. He failed to realize his project of establishing an international Socialist news-service. He was equally conscientious in performing his parliamentary duties. He never made assertions on the floor of the House that he could not prove by evidence. Suppositions, rumors, imputations, were for him merely suggestions pointing to future inquiries. He never made them the basis of an indictment. He steered a wide course away from irresponsibility and overzealousness. No one ever charged him with personal self-seeking, even the men who murdered him. He proffered charges against the Government not as a sport but as a solemn duty. He conceived his office as a public trust. I have never known a man in political life who was so absolutely indifferent to personal advantage and personal danger. He did not know what ambition, vanity, or fear was; precisely because of his high self-respect.

Matteotti must have known, of course, that he was more than an average man. He was conscious of possessing great energy and great determination; that is why he exacted more from himself than from others. Furthermore, his faith in humanity was not faith in individuals. Matteotti knew men and knew their weaknesses; he saw through evil and pettiness and pitied their victims. There was a certain clarifying candor about him that stripped off the affectations and concealments of men like a mask, and revealed them unsparingly for what they really were.

This was a peculiar and remarkable

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gift that Matteotti possessed; and it was not yet fully developed, for despite his nine-and-thirty years he was still a boyish person, whom a hasty observer might even imagine immature.

Now this bright, clarifying light in Italy's morass of shame has been eclipsed! There is no consolation — there is no compensation for that loss. All we can do is to make good his last words. If the proletariat of Italy fails in that, it will have crucified him a second time. For something in Matteotti did not die — will never die, for we shall keep it alive, not in a sterile cult of the dead man himself but in our rededication to our cause. What has happened in Italy is, after all, but the fruit of our unworthiness, of our delight in the intoxication of mere words, of our deficient sense of responsibility, of our readiness to listen to leaders who asked from the masses what they themselves were not ready to give.

History is preparing for our unburied martyr a mighty funeral — the collapse of a whole régime. They have killed a man in order to silence him; but his voice has become a voice of thunder. A tempest has been unchained that has torn the coverings from so much corruption that no power on earth can longer conceal the truth. Matteotti foresaw an event that his death has only precipitated. But this is not the place to draw a political balance-sheet of what we have lost and what we have gained. Let us honor humbly this victim of our cause, whose death has added to the dignity of human life by its eternal lesson of values that are higher than life itself.

HOME LIFE OF THE ROMANOVS. II

BY S. R. MINZLOV

[*This is a companion article to the account of the domestic life of the family of Nicholas I printed in our last issue. It purports to record the reminiscences of an aged lady who lived as a member of the Romanov household under three generations of the royal family.*]

From *Dni, April* 13
(Berlin Conservative-Socialist Russian-Language Daily)

On January 9, 1905, the Winter Palace in Petrograd was upset by the unexpected news that the populace had revolted and that mobs of workmen were marching thither to murder the whole Imperial family.

The Empress was nursing her six-months-old son, Alexei. Rumors of what was occurring reached her. Panic-stricken, she seized her baby and ran stupidly from one corner of the room to another in a sudden attack of frenzy. She recognized no one, searched frantically for her children, sobbed, would not let her attendants undress her, and for entire nights thereafter remained seated on her bed in her fur coat and hat, imagining that she must hurry away to escape from pursuing assassins.

This mental attack was carefully kept from public knowledge, and the Empress was treated for a time at home

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without the help of specialists. Not until her mental disturbance grew more serious were the well-known Moscow psychiatrists, R—— and M——, summoned.

R——, an old friend of the writer Chekhov and the painter Levitan, described to his friends with great emotion the condition in which he found the unfortunate woman. She recognized no one, sobbed, kissed his hands, and entreated him to recover her baby. R—— advised that she be given a complete change of surroundings and kept under strict scientific observation. Instead of that, he and M—— were dismissed and Rasputin took their place. He began to treat the Empress by hypnotism. After a while she was taken to Hesse and there, in her native Friedrichsburg Schloss, she recovered in about six months. But the after-effects of this illness remained with her, manifesting themselves particularly in her constant abnormal solicitude for the safety of the heir apparent. Hence the unlimited influence of Rasputin.

No governesses, in the strict sense of the word, were kept in the Imperial family. The children were brought up by the Empress herself. Each girl had her own Russian nurse, who remained in the capacity of maid to her former charge as the latter grew older. These maids enjoyed some influence at the court. All of them were common peasant women and the Tsar's daughters learned from them plain popular speech, a love of icons and lamps, of old traditions and wonder tales. There was nothing German about the Tsar's daughters. They spoke almost no German, mangled their French, and had a perfect command of only Russian and English. They acquired quite naturally many quaint popular expressions and turns of speech that did not belong to the literary Russian language.

All the Tsar's children dressed very plainly. For pocket money each girl had fifteen rubles a month, and out of that she was expected to put one ruble into the collection plate every Sunday. Madame Sh——, their teacher, often saw them in neatly mended cotton dresses. During the war they bought practically no new clothes.

Olga had the best taste of the two older girls and so was entrusted with the choice of styles and the general management of the children's clothing. Tatiana was a born housewife, who knew how to make things cosy and to attend to details. She had the keys of the supply of sweets and she was the one who arranged the bill of fare, which was no easy matter, because Alexandra Feodorovna had a special diet. The other three children were usually called 'the little ones' and treated accordingly. Of these Anastasia, the youngest of the girls, had the gift of humor and 'knew how to straighten out wrinkles on anybody's brow.' Maria, the third girl, was cheerful, good-natured, sincere, and inclined to be boisterous. The latter quality, and her cowlick of fair hair, caused her sisters to nickname her 'Tiutka,' which suggested an exuberant and somewhat ungainly puppy.

Alexei inherited his mother's independence of character, her retentive memory and intelligence; he was interested in everything and was a very gifted child. He liked to play with plain children. Between Yalta, on the southern shore of Crimea, and Livadia, the Imperial summer residence, was a village where Alexei made the acquaintance of some boys with whom he loved to play. One day when they were playing in the park, Harchenko, the Tsarevich's manservant, came to call him to lunch. The Tsarevich paid no

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attention. Harchenko spoke to him again, and again received no answer. The third time Alexei turned to him and said: 'How silly you are. How can fifteen boys sit down at one place?'

Harchenko understood, went away, and reported to the Empress. Places were set for Alexei's guests, and not until then did he come to table with all of them.

Tea was usually served in the apartments of the young Grand Duchesses at six o'clock in the afternoon. Only those whom the girls wanted were invited. The guests usually included, besides the Emperor and the Empress, an officer of the Imperial Uhlans, Malama, whom Tatiana liked very much. Once at tea, during a moment's general silence, Alexei proclaimed loudly: 'And Tatiana loves Malama!'

There was general merriment, while the two persons named were too embarrassed to speak. Such revelations were a favorite trick of Alexei, and his sisters lived in constant terror of his telltale tongue.

After tea and *petits jeux* the children went to the door of their father's study and, if he was busy, waited there without entering. As soon as the door was open, they rushed in and sat down in a circle around him, some with their handwork, others with their drawing, and he read aloud to them. The Tsar was a good reader and his reading of Gogol and Chekhov was often rewarded with great outbursts of laughter.

The Empress herself taught her children sewing and embroidery. Olga, who detested handwork, always tried to be the reader on such occasions, for it was customary for one of the party to read aloud to the rest. During the last years of her life, Olga showed an increasing liking for solitude and reading. She wrote verses and was never without a book. Her favorite historical character was Catherine II. Once when Alexei quarreled with his valet, Harchenko, and shouted at him, Olga, who sat near by reading, lifted her head and said to her brother: 'Catherine II always praised in a loud voice and scolded in a low one. Remember that, and do as she did.'

The Tsar used to call Tatiana his secretary. She reminded him whom he wished to question on some subject or whom he wanted to see. She was orderliness personified: she kept several memorandum-books containing the names of persons who were in need of assistance She had a knack of managing things so that the older members of the Imperial family, from whom the help was expected, noticed what was needed before she reminded them directly; so they often thought they helped people on their own initiative, though actually most of the charitable aid that came from the Imperial family was due to Tatiana. Whatever she undertook, she accomplished quickly and inconspicuously.

Maria, alias 'Toutou' or 'Tiutka,' was a very different type of girl. She had blue eyes, a blooming complexion, and golden hair; and she was noisy and tomboyish. Her hair bow was always awry and her hair always disarranged. She refused to become a spoiled Imperial child and acted as if she did not suspect that she was a Tsar's daughter. Up to the last day before the Revolution she would shake hands with any palace attendant or servant, or exchange kisses with chambermaids or peasant women whom she happened to meet. If a servant dropped something, she would hurry to help her pick it up. Naturally everyone felt very much at ease with her and sometimes spoke to her in a manner they would not dare to use with her sisters. When the Revolution came, 'Tiutka,' the good-natured puppy, quickly changed into a grown girl.

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Alexandra Feodorovna herself used to say that she had no better friend after the catastrophe; to everybody else she was like a guardian angel.

The Tsar's family lived through the first frightful days of the upheaval under Palace arrest. All four sisters and Alexei had the measles; their mother suffered from heart attacks. The Fourth Battalion of Imperial Fusiliers, the only battalion that remained loyal to the Tsar, volunteered to defend the Tsar's family. The situation was hopeless, and Maria, sick as she was, went out into the blizzard and the cold to persuade them not to incur useless bloodshed. The battalion insisted and it took much argument to induce it to withdraw. Maria went back to her room and that evening developed pneumonia.

Anastasia, the fourth sister, was a still different type. Of the four sisters she alone was small and plump and resembled in general appearance her grandmother, the Empress Dowager Maria. She was an ordinary, inconspicuous sort of person, but wrote clever humorous verse.

The sisters adored Alexei. One little incident was very characteristic of Olga. The Tsar was reviewing a Boy Scout parade while Olga and six-year-old Alexei sat in a carriage surrounded by courtiers and the public. Suddenly Alexei expressed a desire to get out of the carriage and join the parading boys. His sister kept him from doing so, and then the little lad, seeing that she would not let him go, slapped her face as hard as he could. She never winced, but took his hand and stroked it quietly. The boy recovered his temper and sat as still as a mouse. Not until they returned home did Olga cry. She went to her room, and Alexei was shut up in a dark closet for two hours, with a threat from his father that he would be whipped if anything like that happened again. For two days he was repentance itself and made Olga accept his portion of dessert at table. He loved her more than his other sisters and, when dissatisfied with his father and mother, would declare that he was Olga's boy, pick up his toys, and go to her apartment.

A characteristic trait of all Nicholas II's children was the fact that no one ever saw them idle or at a loss as to what to do with themselves. They always kept busy with something and were always lively. They did not care much for the palace life. In Tsarskoe Selo, at 14 Tserkovnaia Ulitsa, they had 'a private residence,' three rooms of which were occupied by Anna Vyrubova, the Empress's close friend. Here the Grand Duchesses held informal receptions, and the Empress used it for business appointments and political interviews.

The Imperial couple had a manservant named Volkov, who was an interesting character. Like most palace attendants, he was the son of palace servants and spent all his long life near the Imperial family. Of middle stature, white-haired, always carrying a snuffbox as well as a big colored handkerchief the corner of which usually protruded from his back pocket, he was a living emblem of the dying past and well nigh a member of the family circle.

Volkov despised female servants and when Alexandra Feodorovna was ill would never allow anyone else to take food to her room, but served her personally, observing: 'Womenfolk are addle-pated creatures. You can't rely on them.'

The sick Empress would eat in bed while Volkov sat in an armchair and entertained her. She used to say that he was a man of extraordinary sagacity, fine feeling, and penetrating insight. He was very old and when tired — or

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pretending to be tired — became grouchy.

'I 've been serving you for sixty years now,' he would answer to the solicitous questions of the family. 'I should think I had an excuse for being tired. How many of you have come and gone — and I am right here all the time, and no relief!'

'A Tsar should be a Tsar and Grand Duchesses should be Grand Duchesses,' he would remark when any of the family acted, in his opinion, inconsistently with their Imperial dignity. He enjoyed everybody's affection and the Tsar's daughters, when little girls, would often hang about his neck and pester him generally, while he pretended to make a sour face.

'Don't cry. Crying is a sin,' he would say to them when they complained, and would stroke their heads. After they grew up they continued to share their confidences with him, and often told him with whom they fell in love. He repeatedly reprimanded Tatiana, who was especially prone to this soft impeachment: 'A Tsar's daughter — and blowing a kiss to a muzhik!'

Muzhiki — that is, peasants — included in his eyes all that did not belong to the Imperial family. Nobility did not exist to him, and courtiers were the object of his undisguised contempt.

There was a moving-picture apparatus at the Livadia Palace, and Volkov did not like it. Once when the Tsar asked his daughters to come and see a picture, Tatiana said: 'The third day in succession! Think what "grandfather" will say! Don't let us go — he 'll be angry.' And the girls were not present at the picture. 'Grandfather' also did not like them to run about without their hats and get badly sunburned, and often chided them for it. Olga, the eldest, was his favorite. 'Olga is a Romanov!' he would say.

He never failed to give the Tsar, his wife, and the children birthday gifts, — usually a vase, perfume, an amber bracelet, or something similar, — but he was not blessed with good taste. The old man never used his position to exercise a 'pull' for anyone. He was often asked to do so, but invariably refused, saying: 'That is n't any of my business. My duty is to serve them their meals and look after their rooms, but not to give them advice as to what they should do.'

Whenever one of the children was punished, Volkov was very indignant and made long, surly objections. When in ill-humor he would also mimic court dignitaries inimitably. He maintained an enigmatic silence as to the illness of Tsarevich Alexei, like one who knows more than he cares to reveal. He would remark at times: 'The poor child suffers for others' faults. There was a sin in the family that must be paid for.'

He escaped the fate that awaited the family and their nearest attendants only because he fell ill and was taken to a hospital shortly before the catastrophe.

Rasputin, when at the palace, conducted himself quietly and always wore a mask of godliness. He was a man sincere even in his two-facedness, — a saint and a devil, — who changed one of his personalities for the other as he would change clothes.

In October 1912, Alexei was taken ill with a hemorrhage that threatened to prove fatal. The best physicians were called to his bedside and one of them, Fedorov, said later that not they but some miracle caused the boy's recovery. The miracle was Rasputin's hypnotism, and this service made the Siberian peasant a sacred person to the Imperial couple. He tolerated no contradiction. 'Believe

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in me, and thy son will be well,' he used to say to the Empress.

Again in 1916 Alexei was brought home from the General Headquarters apparently dying: no one was able to stop a nose hemorrhage. During the entire journey Nagorny, a manservant, held the child in his lap, and Fedorov, the physician, kept putting wads of cotton into his nose; but the bleeding would not stop. Twice Alexei was unconscious so long that he was thought dead. When they reached Petrograd, Rasputin again stopped the hemorrhage.

But Olga, the sister of the little Tsarevich, hated Rasputin. Her keen perceptions and her healthy nerves enabled her to see through him. The repulsive Janus could not keep his other face perpetually turned away from the palace. Newspapers, too, sometimes penetrated into the Imperial apartments, telling of the supposed saint's exploits in night-cabarets. Olga lived through a tragic time; Alexandra Feodorovna was deaf and blind to all evidence against Rasputin because of her love for her sick son; and Olga had no way to remedy the situation and relieve the feelings of her father, whom she loved dearly.

Nicholas II had an exceptional affection for his oldest daughter. During the last years of his reign he would sometimes come to 'the children's apartments' late at night, ask Olga to get up, and talk with her about different matters that lay on his mind. In January 1915, when they were living in one of the Kremlin palaces, the sentries often saw the Tsar stride up and down the corridor at night, awaiting important telegrams, and, when these arrived, call Olga. She would come out in her white dressing-gown, her father would read the messages to her, and the two would discuss important matters walking up and down the corridor together.

When the plans of a marriage between Olga and Grand Duke Dmitri fell through, it was first proposed that she marry the Rumanian heir apparent. But after a talk with her father, in the course of which she told him that she loved Russia above everything, and would not leave it, it was thought that Tatiana might be a better bride for the Rumanian prince. Olga was considered so wise, and showed such good judgment on different occasions, that the Tsar began to talk about changing the law of succession decreed by Emperor Paul and making Olga the heiress apparent in case of her brother's death.

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OMSK UNDER KOLCHAK. I

BY GEORGES DUBARBIER

[*The author, a well-known French publicist and writer, and an authority on China, was an officer serving with the French Mission in Siberia during the Allied intervention of* 1918–1919.]

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Omsk lies at the confluence of the Om and the Irtysh. The latter is one of the largest rivers of Siberia. There are houses on both sides of the Om, but no buildings have been erected on the right bank of the Irtysh, which remains virgin steppe. During the long winter months these streams virtually disappear from the landscape, which then presents a very simple picture: a field of snow and ice, from which emerge buildings and certain bizarre constructions. The house eaves are bearded with long icicles that prolong the snowy roofs until they nearly reach the ground.

Omsk houses are divided into two classes: old-fashioned wooden buildings, often quite artistically designed, with walls of painted logs, and modern structures of no definite type of architecture — ugly cubes of reenforced concrete, such as one finds in every city. The log houses are the homes of the older settlers — those who knew Siberia before the railways came — the petty bourgeoisie, civil servants, small tradesmen, and people living on small fixed incomes. The more modern buildings are occupied by government offices, army services, restaurants, and shops. All the residences have felted double windows that are hermetically sealed in the autumn and kept so until it is warm enough in the spring to open them.

The bizarre constructions I just mentioned are shapeless mounds from which emerge black smokestacks that sometimes look like the craters of weird snow volcanoes. Each mound represents a barge or steamboat that is wintering in the river. The crew has taken down the masts, the rigging, and all the superstructure above the deck. Only the smokestack remains, vomiting forth black smoke against the white plain surrounding it.

The city extends for a great distance, with broad avenues running far out into the country at right angles, like those of a Western prairie town in America. But there is only one business street, parallel with the Irtysh, which is carried across the Om on a bridge that is the resort of fashion at certain hours of the day. In fact, this bridge is the only promenade in the city — a sort of general rendezvous where idlers, traders, soldiers, no matter how rigorous the weather, stroll back and forth from two to three o'clock. Within the space of a mile along this avenue is concentrated everything of interest in the city: the big shops, the little booths of the Jewish fur-dealers, cafés, restaurants, churches, military buildings, and, at the farther end, the theatre and the inevitable bazaar. After an hour's stroll through it one knows all there is to know of the physical aspect of the city.

But the street life never lost interest for us. No matter how cold the day,

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fierce warriors, warmly enveloped in hooded fur coats, discussed 'the situation' with excited gestures. They would stroll by in groups talking loudly, advertising to all the world their opinions and prophecies, their spurs clinking, and their huge sabres — such as we see in France only on the opera stage — dragging behind them. At first we took great comfort in their vodka-inspired martial ardor, but we discovered later that this was definitely limited in both time and space — to the hours of digestion and the last houses of the town.

A little farther on groups of ladies, pretty for the most part, wearing capes of white hare fur, stumped along in clumsy footgear. Siberian women generally wear great felt overshoes that make walking a little awkward, but a graceful carriage is a secondary consideration in a climate like this.

Anyway people never step directly into the drawing-room when they make a call. There is always a vestibule where the temperature is moderate — a prudent provision, for the thermometer may be 50° below zero outside, and the living-rooms heated to 75° or 80° above that point. In certain restaurants the vestibule contains a wash-bowl with hot water in addition to a cloakroom, so that the patrons may thaw off the icicles on their beards and moustaches. Occasionally they have still another luxury — a comb attached to the wall by a cord.

We were surprised at first to discover that the sledges, which serve as cabs in winter, were entirely unenclosed. Although the Siberians keep their rooms heated to a high temperature and their windows sealed, they expose themselves to intensely low temperatures in the open without concern; though, to be sure, the passengers in the sledges looked more like carelessly wrapped bundles than human beings.

These vehicles were stationed on regular stands like our cabs at home. It always interested me to observe a cabman, horse, and sledge waiting on a corner for customers, as motionless as if congealed or cast in bronze. The driver on the box was insensible to the cold in his heavy fur robes that left but a tiny aperture behind which one suspected rather than saw a frost-pinched face. The horses wore long fur blankets tasseled at the bottom with snow and icicles. After a long trip they would stand for hours as stiff as if carved from wood. At night it was often necessary to give the coachman a nudge to attract his attention. Waking up with a start, he would disembarrass himself of some of his robes — for his passenger's benefit — and with a loud shout start his horse at full speed down the half-lighted streets. It was wise for the passenger to notice where he was going, for the driver would often fall asleep again after the sledge had started, and his little horse would gallop on wherever fancy led. Sometimes a sudden spurt would end in disaster. One evening we were all precipitated—horse, driver, sledge, and passengers — into a great ditch. That woke the driver, who became furiously angry with his horse and his fares. He later reminded us most eloquently that our tip was not enough to pay for his repairs.

Omsk has no street cars or bus lines, but I must not forget to mention the 'packing-cases' that carry passengers from the station to the city, in competition with the little narrow-gauge railway. Imagine a great cigar-box shod with two steel hoops and you have a perfect idea of these public conveyances. They were a constant joy to us. When the passengers got out of these windowless wooden cubes they looked like prisoners emerging from a Black Maria.

Every evening the fashionable restaurants, Europa, Apollo, and the

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Rossia, were crowded to the doors. Between 7 and 11 P.M. the prices ranged from thirty to fifty rubles an order, although at noon the same dishes cost in the same restaurants only from three to five rubles. The Russians like to retire about three o'clock in the morning and to get up at noon. They take a light collation early in the afternoon, drink tea and eat cakes at 7 P.M., and, having thus killed the day, begin really to live about ten o'clock at night. That was the hour when the tables at the Rossia and Europa were at a premium — the hour of vodka.

We clung to our Western habits, with regular hours for working and eating, and found it rather disagreeable to pay thirty rubles for a cutlet at night that would cost only two rubles at noon. A meal that at midday cost twelve to fifteen rubles would come to a hundred rubles in the evening. The names of the dishes were usually French, but printed in Russian letters. They were well cooked and served, and although vegetables were scarce the excellent dairy dishes helped to compensate for this. But the beverage question was hard to solve. Our only choice lay between miserable beer and tea with a dash of vodka.

The samovar is the first article of furniture to catch the visitor's eye when he enters a Siberian home. It is always ready to supply the hot drink needed to thaw him out. When a lodger takes a room it is specified in the agreement that two or three samovars a day shall be included in the rent — samovar meaning a cup or a glass of tea. The women employed to keep our rooms clean at the French Mission insisted on having a samovar placed in the central passage. From time to time they would stop their work and stroll slowly toward this tea fountain, where a little group of Czech soldiers, who had suddenly acquired a liking for the same beverage, would also rendezvous. But although the samovar was so successful in promoting this Czech-Siberian reconciliation, it unfortunately proved a less effective harmonizer among the different official missions.

In the middle of the winter, Omsk was visited by a blizzard that raged for twenty-four hours and held us prisoners in our offices, where we lived on canned goods. This storm began with a heavy fall of snow, which was unusual, because Siberian winters are seasons of bright if gelid sunshine. Gradually the flakes grew larger and the wind rose. We were just leaving the restaurant where we usually had luncheon, a little more than half a mile from our offices. We took nearly an hour to cover this distance. The snow was so thick that it formed an opaque curtain which the driving wind twisted and buffeted against our faces. We crawled painfully forward, bending far over to offer less resistance to the wind, which, in spite of everything, hurled us repeatedly against trees and walls. We could not enter a house along the way, for no one would open a door in such a storm. The sledges that served as cabs had vanished from the streets at the first symptoms of the blizzard. Occasionally we heard a shout and caught for a moment the sound of galloping hoofs as one of these belated conveyances charged past, almost brushing us but quite invisible in the snowy murk.

After making a number of blind and aimless detours, we finally found ourselves by some instinct in front of the building occupied by our Mission. In spite of our heavy furs we were nearly frozen, and our hands were so numb that we could scarcely use them. But by night all our people were finally accounted for. One colonel arrived with his head a mass of ice, which clung in a solid cake to his long beard. He was

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so exhausted that we had to work over him for an hour in order to revive him.

The next day we learned that thirty people had lost their lives in the city alone, of whom six were women, who had been blown off the bridge across the Om and killed by the fall to the ice beneath. During the blizzard the temperature reached 70° below zero. We were told that such storms are very rare, and some people interpreted this one as evidence of the Almighty's anger with the Bolsheviki.

The only outdoor diversion of the fashionable world was skating on the Om; but we had to defer this until spring, on account of the heavy snow and the intense cold. Eventually, however, we spent many delightful evenings on the ice, under the bright light of the electric arc-lamps.

Then there was the city theatre, the Commersky, where a company played comedies and vaudeville. This was the favorite resort of the bourgeoisie, who attended in family parties. Occasionally dances were given, where we met many of the best people of the city. Whatever the political sympathies of the ladies, they seemed grateful for an emergency that had brought so many French, English, and Italian gentlemen to their remote part of the world.

These gatherings occasionally assumed a more formal character when Kolchak, a Foreign Mission, or the Red Cross gave an entertainment. At such times a rigid ceremonial was observed. The front box on the right was reserved for Kolchak and his suite. The members of the cabinet and the foreign civil and military missions occupied the adjoining boxes. The general staff, administrative officers, and members of the best families in the city occupied the orchestra seats. The balcony and galleries were crowded with government clerks and their families, speculators, and the people of the town in general.

When Kolchak entered, conversation stopped, everybody rose, and all eyes were focused upon the *Chef suprême*. One was conscious of the spontaneous respect that the old Russian soldiers felt for the man who represented power, the head of the Government — in a word, the successor of the Tsar. The Admiral would step to the front of his box, bareheaded, and make a slight bow. He always wore khaki, without insignia, so that he looked like an American Y. M. C. A. man. His tall wiry figure and smooth-shaven face expressed the energy and will — often carried to the point of obstinacy — that characterized him to the end. After bowing, he seated himself, and the audience did likewise. From that moment his presence was the central fact of the evening. The regular show came second. If Kolchak rose, the whole audience rose; when he sat down, everybody did the same. Between the acts there was absolute silence until the Admiral put people at their ease by retiring to the lobby.

A Czech regimental band always formed the orchestra. Its hundred members included many real artists, and it favored us with several excellent symphony concerts. The director was a vivacious little fellow, perched on a stool, with a great sabre dangling against his legs, and a short baton. After a deep bow to Kolchak that almost bent him double, and another to the audience, he would announce: 'The Hymn of the Army of Siberia.' It was an official song adopted by the Admiral's Government — a sort of deep, slow chant, probably some old air of the steppes. When that was finished the director would announce, with another profound bow, '*Fransouski gymne*,' and the Marseillaise would crash out like a bomb after the Russian chant. Then

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we would have in succession, invariably introduced by the same sweeping bow, the English national hymn, the American national hymn, the Japanese national hymn, and the Italian national hymn. Not until this rite had been performed would the regular programme of the evening begin.

One night we were treated to an amusing example of English propaganda. It was a pantomime showing generous Albion coming to the rescue of distressed Russia — in a sort of Kriss Kringle setting. The curtain rose showing a young girl, representing Russia, busy about her housework in an izba. Her father, a wounded soldier, is lying near the fire. Suddenly the door is thrust open, affording a glimpse of heavy snow falling outside; two horrible Bolsheviki rush in and bind the unhappy father. One seizes an ember and sets fire to the izba, while his companion drags the young girl outside. Yes, but England stands watch. A gentleman in khaki, whom some happy chance brings thither, rushes to the rescue of the unfortunates, and with a couple of pistol shots drops the two scoundrels in their footsteps. He quickly cuts the bonds of the old muzhik, and the grateful girl throws her arms around his neck. Curtain!

Next the curtain rose on a change of scene — a barren steppe, a harried, panic-stricken group of Russian men and women watching their burning village from a distance. Sturdy soldiers, armed to the teeth, surround them — the soldiers of chivalrous England. Above them the British flag waves in the wind, proud and symbolical!

This piece was not received so rapturously as the promoters probably hoped, for the audience had become skeptical of national propaganda. There was polite applause, and that was all. I looked around the room. The jolly, smooth-shaven officers in the box of the English Mission were laughing heartily, as if they had just won a football match. The Russians looked absent-minded. The French were clapping, as good form demanded. The Japanese looked funny — their little twinkling eyes kept shifting back and forth between the stage and the English box, while their faces expressed absolutely no sentiment whatever.

This little stroke of English propaganda brought a riposte from the French Mission, which presented a series of military films taken on the Western Front. The pictures, showing huge shells blasting great craters in the earth, airplane combats, and advancing tanks, were hailed with ejaculations of surprise even from the Russian officers, most of whom knew little of the kind of fighting we had seen in France. Some incredulity was mingled with their admiration when they saw our dauntless little soldiers emerging for the attack from trenches pounded and breached by the enemy's artillery. A charming curly-haired girl next to me murmured: 'Impossible after that bombardment. The men would not be there.'

I seized the opportunity to say, sotto voce, that the only reason we won the war was because those men were there.

The members of our Mission possessed a great social advantage, both in military and civilian circles, because most well-educated Siberians speak our language. Many of them have never been out of their country, but none the less they use French correctly — especially the ladies. We were greatly amused to note how this disconcerted the English. The British officers, most of whom were from the Colonies, had traveled all over the world completely ignoring the local languages because wherever they went English was spoken. Now when they

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saw us holding long conversations with Russian officers, and chaffing merrily with the young ladies of the city at parties and dances, their surprise and chagrin were not to be concealed. . . . I still recall how comical the young English officers would look on such occasions. They would sit with their mouths open, their heads stretched forward, stammering a sort of rudimentary French in their efforts to be amiable and polite.

When Kolchak attended any public gathering the strictest precautions were taken for his safety. At the theatre the corridor leading to his box was shut off by a special guard. He had a personal attendant — an odd little chap of uncertain nationality, alert and lively as a squirrel, who watched over him night and day. This man was always lurking in some corner keeping a sharp eye on everyone who approached his master. When the evening was over, the Admiral's automobile was brought to the porte-cochère. Kolchak, surrounded by a dense group of officers, would plunge into the vehicle, the squirrel would jump on the running-board, and all would depart in a flash, followed by a galloping escort of Cossacks.

We ourselves sometimes drove home in a sledge, but more often we walked through the calm, cloudless Siberian night, whose silence was broken now and then by the distant rifle-shot of some nervous sentry.

THE HAYMAKERS

BY E. ZAGORSKAIA

From *Nakanune, June* 8
(Berlin Bolshevist Daily)

How often a single word that blooms like a wild blossom upon the gray pattern of everyday life contains more ancient history than you can find in many old, musty volumes.

Khozar. . . . Centuries ago a Mongolian tribe by that name passed this way. The Russians won a bloody victory over them, as is recorded upon a dark bronze tablet on the outer wall of the town cathedral. A meticulous note follows: 'See the *History of the Russian State* by *Gospodin* Karamsin.'

The tribe has vanished, but has left its traces in an age-old contempt for woman, barbarous lynchings, the unreliability of the peasant's word, an apathetic distrust of novelty.

Khozar is now the name of a locality of ill-defined limits, which stretches along a rivulet tributary to the Oka and embraces meadows, ravines lost among cultivated fields and groves, and long and winding forest-glades that yield excellent hay. Year after year, when spring comes, five villages and the people of the Mavrinskaia windmill wrangle and fight each other for the possession of this hay. Since the revolution a great meadow, which formerly belonged to a priest, has likewise become peasant property,

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to the further complication of the controversy.

When, after some bloodshed and drawing of lots, the meadows are finally divided among the contending villages, each village tackles its job in its own way. The people of Kalitino work in common, cart their hay away as soon as the grass is wilted, and then finish drying it before their houses. Those of Mineevo also work in common, but do not haul the hay home until it is dry and ready to go into the stack or mow. But the villagers of Ekimovo prefer to let each family cut its share: in this way, they claim, they can see that each family does its part of the work, and the women do not fool so much as they do when there is a big crowd.

If the grass is of uneven quality in different spots, each little nook and hollow is divided into shares. In such cases work that otherwise could be done in three days may take a whole month. Instead of gathering the hay right where it lies, the women carry huge armfuls from the hillocks to the hollows, or even wade across the stream so as to mix the good hay with the marsh grass. Each share may be cut in ten minutes; but it may take half an hour to find where it is located. A little meadow may have only one cartload of hay on it; but the meadow is nevertheless divided into forty or fifty tiny plots, and each plot is a part of each family's share of hay. One big armful is often all that a family gets from one particular spot, but to add this portion to the family share the horse and cart must make a detour of two or three versts. The only reward for all this expenditure of time and labor is a scrupulously fair apportioning of the village shares. No family gets so much as a handful of coarse marsh-grass or fine hillock-hay over what every other family receives.

These diminutive plots are usually measured and allotted by the old men of the village. Ancient *ded* — gran'ther — Paramon, wrinkled like an old mushroom and hairy like a bunch of hemp, clad in a long shirt and pants of homespun linen, holds the lots in his dilapidated straw hat. Old Ivan Larionov carefully measures the plots with a *sazhen*, or seven-foot measuring staff. Soft-spoken Pavel Telok marks the boundaries. Filka Starostin draws the lots out of the straw hat, and with an old pickaxe digs strange cabalistic signs in the moist earth to mark the name of the family to whom the lot is assigned. All kinds of letters and signs are used, but where hay is granted to a Communist party Filka carefully cuts out a sickle and hammer, or a five-pointed star.

When lunchtime comes, each group sits down to rest on the boundary of its village's share of meadow. The heavy rains ceased only three days ago and moist vapors rise from the green fields. Purple bluebells and tall crimson flowers on sticky stems are wilting slowly among the new-mown grass. The heavy fragrance of the *medunitsa* lies over all. The feet and clothing of the villagers are wet with the dew and the rusty water that still lingers between the tussocks. Beyond yonder silvery line of young oats a forest of rakes advances and the sound of women's voices draws nearer and nearer. Stepanida and Matrona, the first singers and the first mischief-makers of the village, walk ahead of the crowd.

Haymaking on the Khozar is made a great festival, when people put on anything new and bright that they possess.

Stepanida and Matrona interrupt their singing at intervals to exchange jokes with the crowd or, waving their kerchiefs and rakes in the air, perform

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a few dance-steps as they proceed. Then the crowd of women scatters in a hurricane of color over the green meadows. Young girls flirting with the fellows shriek shrilly, and children and dogs race after one another. Up the road creaks a long line of carts loaded high with hay — the people of Kalitino are hurrying off their half-cured crop. In order to reach the road the carts had to cut across a field of oats belonging to a neighboring village; this will be settled by each family paying one sheaf of oats to the owner of the 'trespassed' field.

Hereupon a survival of the rude, barbarous sports of olden times interrupts this festival of colors: the strange custom of forcibly ducking all the girls and young women, beginning with the youngest and most attractive. The younger fellows have kept apart from the beginning, a group of wily conspirators; and as soon as a young maid accidentally separates herself from the rest they pounce upon her like hawks. In vain she complains of a bad cold; they drag her to the river bank, choose a steep place over deep water, and throw her in. There must be some reminiscence of the nomads' wife-stealing in this. Nothing avails against the custom. A girl would not complain to the authorities even if she should have a rib broken in the scuffle. Usually they do not resist — only the cautious ones try to remove a new bright kerchief or a splendid loud-colored skirt before they are thrown into the water, so as to save their newest treasures from an unnecessary bath. But even this is often a vain precaution, for all their garments are flung into the water after them; and if a victim emerges not sufficiently soaked she is promptly thrown in again.

When all the young women, wringing wet and shivering as if in fever, have scrambled out of the water, the young men, content with their job, go off to lunch, and the women, somewhere on the outskirts of a grove, take off everything save a single long linen garment, hang the rest of their belongings to dry upon the bushes, and undo their hair, mermaidlike, to comb the marshweeds and silt-grass out of it.

While the young people are still engaged in this semblance of sport, the old women have gathered upon a hillock and taken their lunches out of their bundles. . . . The memory is already fading of the summer two years ago when the very bread the haymakers had to eat was made of bitter weeds — and many, after eating this famine ration, rolled writhing on the ground with convulsive pains produced by their unwholesome fare.

Such is Khozar — just a tiny wrinkle on the great face of Russia, where, intermingled with people bearing the truly Slavic names of Arkhipov or Matriushin, you meet families with the name of Murzin or Khanumov, where side by side with round-eyed, red-cheeked Akulina you see a sallow-faced, slant-eyed swain whose glance still retains something of the wild slyness of his nomadic ancestors.

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IDEALISM VERSUS HISTORY

BY ARTHUR E. E. READE

From the *Labour Magazine, June*
(London Communist Monthly)

Two plays — one by a Fabian, one by a Communist — have recently been produced in London; each is the epic of the struggle of a woman and idealist with the world, and in both her fate is to be dutifully executed by quite polite State officials. But the worlds of Shaw and of Toller are different worlds: the characters in *Saint Joan* are people drawn from the world of mediæval history; in *Masse-Mensch* 'the protagonists, except Sonia,' Toller states, 'are not individual characters' — they are symbols representing the forces that govern the world to-day, the world of the class-struggle in its most brutal reality. Hence Toller has a message for the working class, and that is perhaps why the workers have less opportunity of seeing *Masse-Mensch* than *Saint Joan*. Not that serious consideration can be given to the rash classification of *Saint Joan* as Fascist, on the grounds that Shaw accepts a philosophy of social despair when he seems to depict the shabbiness of the powers that be merely by contrast with the glorious courage and perfect faith of one human being, martyred without malice in her own age, and canonized by humbugs in the next.

Now whether *Saint Joan* be or be not Shaw's greatest work, it certainly is one of the finest historical plays ever written — in the conventional sense that an historical play is a dramatization of a 'true story' from the history books; and *Saint Joan* is nothing more. But in it Shaw's stagecraft has so surpassed itself, and, in the present production at the New Theatre, he is so nobly served by the players, that the effect overwhelms powers of criticism. The too subtle critic, failing to discern that the secret of *Saint Joan* is not in any obscurantist evasions but in its Homeric simplicity, seeks some explanation of Shaw's emphasis on the lives and fates of half-legendary personalities, diverting attention from his play's unquestionable historical background of social conflict — on the one side the feudal aristocracy and the internationalist Roman Catholic Church in alliance with a foreign invader, and on the other side a nationalist middle class finding its ideological expression in incipient Protestantism and personified by Joan; and so into the playwright's incidental irony is read a consistency of despair which is not likely to be supported by Shaw's preface in the edition about to be published by Messrs. Constable — if indeed there is any preface, other than the brief historical note that appears on the programme at the New Theatre. *Saint Joan* might well stand without one, because its epilogue, when the ghosts of Joan, her persecutors from hell, and a modern priest assemble to the Dauphin in a dream, supersedes the need for any prefatory argument.

If critics of the Left are to justify the mediocrity of their own understanding — a thing which the critics of the Right never bother to do — and to find the intellectual food of Fascism in *Saint Joan*, how is the almost helpless pessimism of *Masse-Mensch* to be

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treated? *Masse-Mensch* is more directly a drama of class-war; the bourgeois critics have not attacked it, for they have not understood it. There is no criterion by which a unique expression of genuine revolutionary art — that is, art created out of conscious experience of the working-class revolution — can be judged by critics timorous of analyzing the meaning of a conflict which the bourgeoisie would prefer were ignored. Happily for the 'Heartbreak House' audiences who attend the Stage Society's performances the political significance — the 'propaganda' — of *Masse-Mensch* is obscured by its pessimism, a pessimism natural in the circumstances in which it was written, during October 1919, when the author was in solitary confinement in a cell at the fortress of Niederschoefeld, Bavaria, beginning a term of five years' imprisonment for the part he played as President of the Munich Soviet in March of that year. *Masse-Mensch*, says Toller in his preface, which was written two years later than the play itself in the form of a note to the producer of the *Volksbühne* production at Berlin, 'literally broke out of me and was put on paper in two days and a half.'

Masse-Mensch consists of seven 'pictures,' three of which are called 'dream pictures,' but the whole has the effect of a nightmare by reason of its 'expressionist' form. It is accepted as the masterpiece of expressionism, and, since it cannot be supposed that during those two-and-a-half days Toller occupied himself with experiments in technique, it is evident that that was the form he found most adequate to his inspiration.

The picture opens in a workman's tavern where the general strike for the morrow is being planned. The comrade of the working masses — the woman, Sonia, wife of a State official — is all strength: —

I am ready.
With every breath power grows in me.
How I have longed and waited for this hour.
When heart's blood turns to words
And words to action!

If I to-morrow sound the trumpet of Judgment
And if my conscience surges through the hall —
It is not I who shall proclaim the strike;
Mankind is calling 'Strike!' and Nature 'Strike!'

My knowledge is so strong. The masses
In resurrection, freed
From wordy snares woven by well-fed gentlemen,
Shall grow to be
The armies of humanity;
And with a mighty gesture
Raise up the invisible citadel of peace. . . .
Who bears the flag, the Red Flag,
Flag of beginnings?

WORKMAN. You. They follow you.

Such is the individual at the summit of her strength, and yet, even so, only strong enough to overcome the ties of her own social class, personified by her husband when he comes to dissuade her from damaging his reputation, 'the more that you will harm the State as well as my career.'

The urge you feel to help society
Can find an outlet in our circle.
For instance,
You could found homes for illegitimate children.
That is a reasonable field of action,
A Witness to the gentle nature which you scorn.
Even your so-called comrade-workmen
Despise unmarried mothers.

In the next picture, the Stock Exchange, bankers are bidding for shares in a profitable investment, National Convalescent Home, Ltd.

We call it
Convalescent Home
For strengthening the will to victory!
In fact it is
State-managed brothel.

The curtain falls on a grotesque fox-trot danced by the bankers to raise money for charity.

In the third picture, the Masses, 'from eternity imprisoned in the abyss of towering towns,' are crying, 'Down

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with the factories! Down with the machines!' The woman calls the strike, and then the Nameless One comes out of the Masses and calls for arms: —

THE WOMAN. Hear me!
I will not have fresh murder.

THE NAMELESS. Be silent, comrade.
What do *you* know?
I grant you feel our need,
But have you stood ten hours together in a mine,
Your homeless children herded in a hovel?
Ten hours in mines, evenings in hovels,
This, day by day, the fate of masses.
You are not Masses!
I am Masses!
Masses are fate.

THE MASSES IN THE HALL.
Are fate . . .

THE WOMAN. Only consider,
Masses are helpless,
Masses are weak.

THE NAMELESS. How blind you are!
Masses are master!
Masses are might!

THE MASSES IN THE HALL.
Are might!

THE WOMAN. My feelings urge me darkly —
But yet my conscience cries out: No!

THE NAMELESS. Be silent, comrade,
For the Cause!
The individual, his feelings and conscience,
What do they count?
The Masses count!
Consider this
One single bloody battle; then
Forever peace.

THE WOMAN. You — are — the Masses!
You — are — right!

But when the battle is joined, Sonia tries to stop it, and the Masses are crying, 'Treason!' 'Intelligentsia!' 'Let her be shot!' She is only saved from the workmen by the soldiery capturing the hall and all within being taken prisoner.

The husband comes to the condemned cell to congratulate her that she is at any rate guiltless of murder. 'Guiltlessly guilty,' she replies.

THE HUSBAND. I warned you of the Masses.
Who stirs the Masses, stirs up Hell.

THE WOMAN. Hell? Who created Hell —
Conceived the tortures of your golden mills
Which grind, grind out your profit, day by day?
Who built the prisons? Who cried 'holy war'?
Who sacrificed a million lives of men —
Pawns in a lying game of numbers?
Who thrust the masses into mouldering kennels,
That they must bear to-day
The filthy burden of your yesterday?
Who robbed his brothers of their human face,
Made them mechanic,
Forced and abused them to be cogs in your machines?
The State! You!

Her indictment weakens into words of love — but he stumbles out.

The Nameless One enters, also to congratulate her; she has no doubt recovered now from her pacifist delusions. They are to escape; two warders have been bribed, and the third, at the gate, shall be struck down. But she refuses to gain her life by this man's death.

THE NAMELESS. The Masses have a right to you.

THE WOMAN. What of the warder's right?
The warder is a man.

THE NAMELESS. As yet there are no men.
On this side men of the Masses;
On that side men of the State.

THE WOMAN. To be a man is plain, is primal.

THE NAMELESS. Only the Masses are holy.

THE WOMAN. The Masses are not holy.
Force made the Masses.
Injustice of possession made the Masses. . . .

You are not release.
You are not redemption.
I know you, who you are.

You are the bastard child of war. . . .

Unholy every cause that needs to kill.

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The nameless spokesman of the Masses leaves the cell with the words, 'You live too soon,' thus echoing the last scene in *Saint Joan*, but with this difference: Joan fought with uncompromising and logical enthusiasm for the collective cause in spite of her associates' mean and selfish intrigues; Sonia refused to fight at all because of her private conscience.

The woman is led out and executed, and two women convicts, gossiping over the trinkets in her cell, over the coffin — 'a yellow box' — that is ready for Sonia in the washroom, over the officer's golden uniform, are startled by the sound of the shots into crying, 'Why do we do these things?' And Toller leaves it at that, so that an unscrupulous or stupid London producer can reverse the interpretations of Berlin and Moscow and render *Masse-Mensch* as the sad story of a misguided idealist who suffers for rejecting a kind husband in favor of the Masses whose leader proves a villian. The Nameless is presented as a devil incarnate; there could be no more unfair perversion of Toller's intention.

Toller explains that in his artistic capacity he questions the validity of the various social forces and relations between human beings whose objective reality he assumes in his political capacity. Yet I do not think the dramatist presenting a problem and the Communist refraining from a solution are conflicting personalities. The failure of idealism, even though directed against the State, to satisfy the historic need of the Masses is a fact to be faced and not a problem to be solved. In recognizing this, Toller has conceived a great tragedy. An artificial solution might dissipate the tragedy of the theme, but it would seal its despair, as can be seen in *The Adding Machine* by Elmer Rice, which the Stage Society produced early this year. This too was an 'expressionist' play, superficially a great deal more cheerful; but while it began with social satire it ended by finding a solution in individual cynicism, and *that* is the way of Fascism.

HONEYMOON

BY VENTURA GARCÍA CALDERÓN

From *La Revue de Genève, May*
(Swiss Political and Literary Monthly)

It is an admirable device for river-crossing, the *huaro* of my native country. Only you must devise some way of putting in the time, must have a sound heart, and must know just when to close your eyes over the abyss thundering beneath. You are shut in a kind of cattle cage, balanced at the mercy of the winds, in which two people can scarcely find room, even if they stand very close together, without brushing against the bars. The huaro runs along a steel cable suspended from two posts, one on each bank, and with an ingenious arrangement of pulleys two oxen fastened to a rope, which is also fastened to the huaro, bring it from one side to the other. There is a

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single delicate moment when the arc of the cable sinks low above the boiling water and when, as you sink with it, your face is sprinkled with the foam. But it is all great fun — if you happen to be twenty.

The engineer of the hacienda, who was no longer twenty, would have nothing to do with these pleasures, although he himself had built the huaro — a very up-to-date one, with high iron towers instead of ordinary posts, and an electric motor to work the cables during the five hundred metres of the aerial journey. From either tower the cable swung over a gulf which, though it was dry for months at a time, was full from bank to bank in summer. Then one of the most appalling concerts that can be heard, even in my country which has so many furious rivers, would rise from the torrent reddened by the clay from the banks. By day nothing passed across except sugar-cane, but when evening came the playful children of the neighborhood would have as much fun with it as elsewhere they might have had with roller coasters — the same sweep downward and the same flutter of the heart. Perched in the top of his tower and working his levers, the engineer was willing enough to humor the youngsters in everything except trying his handiwork himself. 'The thing ought to be used for nothing but cane,' he used to say. 'A man can cross the river on his horse.'

Crossing on horseback is quite another story, and even more complex. Sitting motionless on his mount — which snorts and gasps in the foaming water — and clinging fast with all his might, the rider, shaken by the water, listens to the cries of the *chimbadores*, who are used to the river and who ride along on horseback to warn when a tree trunk comes sweeping straight toward you, or to cry out not to yield to dizziness. If the thundering rush of water makes you lose your head, there is no hope. That is why you are told to shut your eyes and trust your horse.

That evening when the owner of the hacienda and his wife, Señor and Señora Linares, coming back from their honeymoon, arrived from the neighboring port, the engineer had his best horses ready to carry them across. It was not yet evening, and the river had not risen to its height. Only a few stalks of uprooted sugar-cane, carried slowly down by the current, were floating under the cable of the huaro. Señora Linares, a charming young girl from the towns, already frightened by the wild landscape, drew herself up. 'Never in my life!'

Nothing would induce her to cross on horseback. In the first place, she did not want to wet her dress, and then again she could not think of risking herself in a river whose dangers were already famous. In vain the two Negro chimbadores, gently smiling and holding their big straw hats in their hands, assured her: 'It is nothing, little mistress. We fasten you into the saddle and you need only close your eyes.' But Señora Linares paled and turned toward the engineer, who led the couple to the huaro, but asked permission for himself to cross on horse.

Two young married people on the top of the iron tower, watching the setting sun and waving their handkerchiefs to him — they made a pretty picture above the fields of sugar-cane, fragrant of honey and moist earth; and as the little iron cage began to slip along the steel cable a cheer went up from below. This huaro went swiftly, not like the ordinary kind that moves only when someone goads the lagging oxen.

Suddenly in the middle of the river, where it swung a scant two metres above the water, the huaro stopped,

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and they could see the engineer gesticulating in the void. The motor, no doubt, was stalled. Swinging above the water, Señor and Señora Linares listened to the torrent with amused surprise. The sun had sunk, but it left in the sky great gaps of glowing brass. It was one of those Peruvian sunsets, long-drawn and dramatic, when the heavens become a second twilight, motionless there above, broken below by floating clouds which adorn themselves with wisps of colored foam. On the water, already reddened by the clay, the fiery clouds were dazzling.

They could see the engineer come hurrying down the ladder of the tower and call the Negro, whom he sent hurrying to the hacienda for a spare part. The chimbador climbed on his horse, a wild little brute with a swinging gait, which struggled with all its might against the furious current.

The river, rising suddenly, began to reach their feet. Birds skimmed just above the foaming river with cries that sounded like the scratch of a fingernail over a flashing mirror. Crouching in the little cage, Señora Linares was already trembling with the cold and badly frightened. Her husband took off his poncho to cover her with it. He laughed nervously and, putting his trust in his huaro with all its modern machinery, tried to persuade her that the accident was of no importance. Only the Negro must get back quickly, for night was falling, sudden and sullen, covering the estuary with great dark spots, over which bits of gold floated and slowly disappeared. The cage began to swing like a pendulum above the black waters, which were growing heavy, like a marsh at evening.

The river whistled, bellowed, thundered, all in a moment, and its organ tones grew clearer and clearer in the cage, as the water kept rising and rising. Señor and Señora Linares could no longer hear the voices of their servants or of the engineer, who were shouting from the bank to reassure them.

Suddenly something little fell into the cage, and they gathered it up. It was a dove, exhausted in its flight, which had come from a great distance — from some field of maize, no doubt, beyond the mountains, for it still carried in its beak a bit of pilfered grain. It struggled in the hands of Señora Linares, who began to cry, as much in pity for herself as for the dove. The faint creaking of the cage as it swung in the wind became unendurable. Now they had to talk in loud voices because of the noise. In the darkness below the foam was still visible, like the snow caps on the mountains. Immense trees, uprooted by the force of the water, hurried past so close that they almost struck the cage. Shivering against one another, the couple looked in silent agony toward the tiny light at the top of the iron tower, from which their safety must come. How slow, how very slow the workmen were!

It was Señora Linares who shrieked wildly when the first icy water touched their feet. She screamed and tried to climb away from it, but she fell back. The cage, pushed by the current, no longer moved. They thought now that they were lost, for the ring above the cage hung by an iron hook, and if it swung far enough this might give way entirely. At the thought of sinking, a madness seized them and they tried in vain to clutch the hook and hold it with their bloody hands. They began to exchange reproaches, unjust and desperate words whose syllables the wind swept from their lips.

Around the cage, as if it were a rock, the river began to whirl. The icy foam began to splash in their faces. At last Señor Linares, unable to endure his

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wife's shrieks, which rang above even the sound of the water and the sinister creaking of the pulleys on the cable above the abyss, disengaged the hand that clung to him, no doubt to drag him down, climbed over the edge of the cage, up the four supporting chains, and then over, on the steel cable. Slowly, through a whole hour, through two hours, he worked his way along the cable, stretched out at full length like an acrobat, toward the tower, and safety.

In the centre of the river, clinging with both arms to the bars of the cage, sunk in water to her chin, his wife stood screaming until morning, and when light came and one could see clearly a little Negro boy worked his way out over the cable, to readjust the pulley that was blocked. Then at last the engine pulled Señora Linares back to the bank whence she had started, and she fled — half mad, wishing never again to see the man who had chosen her for life, but who refused to be her companion at midnight above the river of death.

HOW VICTOR HUGO WORKED

BY GUSTAVE SIMON

From *Le Temps, May* 31
(Semiofficial Opportunist Daily)

At the age of seventy-three, some ten years before his death, Victor Hugo wrote the literary testament which he published in *Actes et paroles*. Was it possible to carry out the provisions of this will precisely as he conceived them? It was, had we been content to fulfill merely the letter, but it was not if we hoped to carry out his wishes in the fullness of the spirit.

Victor Hugo desired that all the writings he left should be handed over to the public. No task could have been simpler in appearance, none more complex in reality, for upon his death Hugo's literary executors found themselves confronted with thousands upon thousands of pages and scraps of paper — notes, sketches, fragments, and manuscripts, in verse and prose, some classified, others quite without arrangement. Hugo had himself sent to the Bibliothèque Nationale some of his published manuscripts, while others remained in his little hotel in the Avenue d'Eylau, and still others — these by no means the least numerous — remained on the island of Guernsey.

About 1893 I remember having seen at the home of Paul Meurice, who was then living in the rue Fortuny, a big trunk made of painted iron. The trunk interested me exceedingly, since it evidently could not be intended for travel and must clearly shelter precious objects of some kind or other. Nor did it take me long to discover that it was stuffed with Victor Hugo's manuscripts, which Meurice had brought back from Guernsey and stored in his bedroom. In this same bedroom was a big, old-fashioned cupboard whose four shelves were likewise occupied by Hugo's manuscripts. On the second

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floor was another cupboard and still more manuscripts. Some were published, others were unpublished, and they all badly needed to be classified and to be set in order. It was a laborious task which might have discouraged even a Benedictine monk, but Paul Meurice had a guide — none other than Victor Hugo himself, who had laid down three categories for such of his writings as he destined for publication: first, finished works; second, partly finished works; third, notes, sketches, and fragments.

He had designated three of his friends as executors: Paul Meurice, Auguste Vacquerie, Ernest Lefèvre, but this triumvirate was speedily transformed into a duumvirate consisting of Paul Maurice and Auguste Vacquerie. Vacquerie seemed to be so deeply absorbed in journalism that he relied largely upon the energy of Meurice. Moreover, the publication of works which were finished or partly finished, though it involved a fairly considerable amount of labor, was the least complex part of the task, for here the road had been mapped out in advance. The unpublished manuscripts were innumerable, and so also were those of the third category — the notes, fragments, and sketches.

Victor Hugo's desires were explicit. These were to be published — a delicate and strenuous task, for these fragments were not, as has been sometimes irreverently said, mere 'desk rubbish,' but often important manuscripts. Victor Hugo had suggested a method when he wrote: 'I return to the sea all that I have received from it.' Had not the sea been his companion and his collaborator? He resolved, therefore, to collect all his notes, sketches, and fragments under the title *Océan.*

But would they not thus have been submerged and drowned? Imagine the philosophic preface to *Les misérables* or the *Nouveaux châtiments,* or the unpublished act of *Marie Tudor,* all lumped together in two, three, or four volumes under such a title as *Océan.* They would have been robbed of all their value and all their character. No doubt the task would have been singularly simplified, but how uneven, confused, and incoherent it would have been.

The existing editions of Hugo's works, though numerous, were similar in text, differing only in their format. Not until the last years of Hugo's life, about 1880, did Hetzel's *ne varietur* edition appear, which ordinary minds regarded as a definitive edition never to be changed.

What do we find in this edition? *Rari nantes in gurgite vasto.* That is, there were a few unpublished notes scattered through an immense work, while there still remained an ocean of unpublished manuscripts. Anyone else would have been discouraged, but being a man of resource Meurice translated *ne varietur* into *ut varietur,* an 'edition not to be changed' into an 'edition to be changed.' He reasoned thus: 'After all, this edition contains only a few scraps of the unpublished writings. Why not make a new edition which shall really be definitive this time? All the unpublished material relating to works that have already appeared would find its logical place in it, and that which has no relation to any particular work previously published could be grouped together later under the title *Océan* which Hugo chose.'

It was not until 1902 that Paul Meurice arranged for the publication of the edition of the Imprimerie Nationale. He was at that time eighty years old. I had known him in 1869, when with Hugo's son and Auguste Vacquerie he founded *Le Rappel,* and

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now I found him to be still what he then was — active, devoted, eager to conquer difficulties, carrying on alone, with a tenacity and patience unknown to present generations, the task that three men had begun. He was glad to forget the date of his birth. When that date has become very distant, one no longer recalls it, so much has one acquired the habit of living, especially when one has escaped the onslaughts of senility. Even at this time he was still making great projects and hoping to publish a book which was to be called *Labor*. I used to see him frequently and hear him talk. Then he was also planning the great edition of Hugo's works.

'This edition of the Imprimerie Nationale will include forty-two or forty-three volumes,' he would say. 'I shall certainly not see the end of it, and you must continue it.' But at the bottom of his heart he thoroughly believed that he would himself bring out a certain number of the volumes. The first — *Notre Dame de Paris* — appeared in April 1904. Two others followed, the *Contemplations* and a volume of plays. A fourth, *Le Rhin*, was ready when, in 1905, Paul Meurice suddenly died. I had seen him the day before in the best of health and should never, in spite of his age, have suspected his end would be so sudden, for he retained all his activity to his last moment.

In the early part of the year 1906, when I was called on to succeed Paul Meurice, I said to myself: 'The only thing to do, obviously, is to follow the beaten track — that is to say, write the history of every work, make a study of every manuscript, group the unpublished pieces, and make critical, bibliographical, and iconographic reviews.'

It was not quite so simple, however, for from 1903 to 1906 only four volumes had been published, and the whole number was to reach forty-two or forty-three — thirty-nine volumes yet to be printed. I admit that I was somewhat disturbed, and I was still more disturbed later when I found what in reality I had to face. I confined myself to making a few calculations — thirty-nine volumes! That meant that we must publish three or four a year. It is always easy to lay down such a plan, but calculations are always upset by the event. Never shall I forget the day when I was placed in possession of Victor Hugo's manuscripts, laid out together in the home of Paul Meurice. It was a moment of emotion. We looked at one another without daring to touch them. The first thing to do was to find a place for the safe-keeping of these treasures. A strong-box was the natural place, but it would take a good many strong-boxes to house these mountains of paper. This was the first problem, and there was no time to lose, for we must set to work at once.

In order to draw up the historical sketches and study the manuscripts, the progress of Hugo's own work, and to class the various relics, it was necessary to undertake numerous researches in Hugo's notebooks, in his correspondence, and in the books of the period. Imagine how it feels to find yourself confronted with several heaps of notes, without any hint as to their origin. There was a veritable pullulation of scraps of paper, some no bigger than a few fingers, and others full-sized sheets. We had to make some kind of classification and work out a place for each of them; but it was an appalling task, for there were no dates, the handwritings were different, and there were difficult words which had to be deciphered. Later we may reveal the secret of our investigations and our discoveries, and the way in which we

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were able to assign dates and names to the manuscripts; but let us first explain some details which are either wholly unknown or at least not generally known, and let us anticipate some of the questions that inevitably arise, especially the question: 'How could any man, after publishing so many books, still contrive to leave so many manuscripts?'

We must understand Victor Hugo's way of living in order to explain the prodigious abundance of his unpublished works. All his life long he had taken notes. We found some scribbled on the backs of letters dated as early as 1820. One of these, dated 1825, yields these two verses which were published thirty-nine years afterward in *La légende des siècles:* —

Chimène eut sa gorgette
Pleine de fleurs et d'épis.

These two lines may have come to his mind during his trip to Rheims, where he had gone to attend the coronation of Charles X, in company with Charles Naudier, who had discovered a copy of the *Romancero.*

Whether he was traveling, whether he was perched on the top of a stage-coach or stopping at an inn, Hugo would note down a thought on the first scrap of paper at hand. If a book provided him with a bit of information, it would perhaps later be developed into the subject of a novel or might merely become a chapter. In 1826 he asked Gaspar de Pons, who was in Cologne, to get him some information about the convict prison. Observe the date — 1826. It was not until 1862, thirty-six years afterward, that he used these facts in *Les misérables.* In the Academy, in the Chamber of Peers, in the Assembly, he would scribble a word or a title, a name or a line, and often several lines, which he expected to use later on. It was when he was an exile, and most of all at Guernsey, that scraps of paper, newspaper wrappers, the dates of envelopes, flyleaves of books, letters, fragments of newspapers, even prospectuses, would be covered with lines which ran in every direction and which are sometimes hard to decipher.

We know from his notebooks and from those about him how he organized his life. Rising early — sometimes at four or five o'clock in the morning — he would spend the hours before his *déjeuner* at work. It has been said that in the afternoon or the evening he would rest, but this is a great mistake. His pretended rest was merely apparent. Actually he never stopped working and he could never keep from thinking. His brain was always active. He did take trips afoot, good for his health, but also good for reflection and for observations which he entrusted to his notebook, and often, after his return, to any scraps of paper that came to hand. Memories, philosophic reflections, poems on nature, details of history, judgments on men, the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the island — it was a storehouse, a veritable heap of notes, and an accumulation of little paper bundles perpetually renewed and perpetually going to join the old ones. He reserved the task of classifying them for his spare time, but his spare time never came. When he went to bed he kept pencils and paper — always those bits of paper — within reach of his hand. If he woke in the night he would write down, even without light, the ideas that besieged him. If he was feeling sleepy he would write anyhow. We even have one little book called *Poems Made While Asleep.* What projects he conceived which could never be carried out!

He had an abundant reserve of material. Did he hope to make use of it eventually? Perhaps he did, although

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he would often remark with a melancholy air: 'Life is too short for a man to carry out all he has planned.' Everyone who knew him well had heard him remark at some time or other, 'I have some shavings,' by which he meant his scattered notes. He used the word with a hint of disdain. 'Call them heaps of stones if you want to,' he used to add, changing the figure from a cabinetmaker to a mason. He often planned to use some of these 'stones' in erecting a new edifice, and only when he had reached the age of seventy-three and no longer had any hope of finishing his work did he take the trouble to get together all his notes, fragments, and sketches, and the scattered ideas that he did not wish to let fall into oblivion.

One reason why Hugo felt so little bitterness over his exile was his recognition of that fact that the solitude of his island —or rather islands — was an ideal writer's retreat, and he liked Guernsey so well that even after his return to France he used to come back to the island from time to time because he found it a quiet place to write in.

Knowing his methods of working, one is not surprised to find that Hugo left so many notes relating to every period of his life. He himself realized that he was imposing an extremely rigorous task upon whoever was to deal with his manuscripts — indeed, he says as much in his will. It was necessary to read, decipher, even study with a magnifying glass, some notes of his which were nothing but confused tangles of words in various forms. It was like fitting together sticks of unequal length. Dates had to be established; yet dates were rarely given, and sometimes could be fixed only by the postmark if the notes happened to be scribbled on an old envelope or newspaper.

What could we rely on, then, and what means of arrangement had we? First of all there was the handwriting, for Victor Hugo had four distinct hands. The writing of 1820 is very elaborate and ornamental, like arabesques. The writing from 1830 to 1845 is stripped of all ornamentation and is like an Englishman's — sharp and fine. The writing from 1845 to 1858 is a precise backhand and very small. It is the hand he used in the assemblies and in the Academy, for Victor Hugo had acquired at academic séances the habit of taking notes and another habit, which he kept up in his correspondence at the beginning of his exile, of putting a great deal of writing on a very little bit of paper. His handwriting from 1858 to the end of his life is good and big, slanting more and more — the writing which is most familiar and which changed as age advanced, growing larger and larger.

The paper that he used also offers a guide. His *Odes et ballades*, *Les orientales*, and *Les feuilles d'automne* were written on sheets of paper of uneven size. No special shape, no special kind was adopted, though he most often used letter paper. At this period the paper is of no assistance, though this statement does not apply to manuscripts of plays which, before being brought together, were written from end to end on the same kind of paper. With *Les chants du crépuscule*, as success began to come to him, a vague idea of perhaps keeping his manuscripts for posterity seems to have struck Hugo. We see the appearance of small square sheets of light-blue paper, and it was on such paper that most of *Les misérables*, composed from 1842 to 1845, was written. Larger, thicker white paper usually indicates the period from 1845 to 1855. Then comes fine, strong blue paper, longer than it is wide, half of which was re-

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served for marginal additions, on which most of the pieces in *La légende des siècles* and the great novels of his exile were written. Inevitably there are exceptions to these rules, which are only outlined here. The dates and rules, it is easy to understand, are necessarily only approximate. Hugo worked with goose quills and they modified his writing. His hand was larger when he was using a worn-out quill, finer when he had a new one. It is easy to see this when the two writings are mingled on the same sheet of paper, and the writing and paper together offer a very useful guide. . . .

STONES OF PUNIC CARTHAGE

BY LEO PERUTZ

From *Neue Freie Presse, June* 1
(Vienna Liberal Daily)

On the broad, limitless uplands which bear the name of Carthage, one can still find herds of goats, scattered Arab huts, and hordes of begging children, but no block of stone, no fragment of wall to wake a memory of an ancient mistress of the sea. There is a little village of colonists, half European, that calls itself Salammbô in honor of Flaubert, and there is a way station on the electric railway which cuts its way between the hills that has assumed the haughty name of Hamilcar. The archæologist will find in the theological seminary of St.-Louis a collection of antiquities — Egyptian, Etruscan, Greek, old and modern Punic and Roman — arranged in display cases of glass and wood, open on Monday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday from two to half-past five. Somewhere behind the hills, lost in the underbrush, one can find scattered fragments of a late Roman theatre, and that is all time has left of vanished magnificence.

He who would find ancient Carthage with its pillared halls, its inscriptions, the flights of marble steps leading up to its altars of burnt sacrifice, and the granite blocks of the temples of its Baals — such a man, I was told, must go far back from the coast to Kairwan, the city favored of the gods, and must seek out the mosque of Sidi Akbar. The ancient shrine of Islam lies in the northern end of the city, surrounded by gigantic walls, as if it were a fortress. Hassan Ibn-el-Noman, the conqueror and destroyer of Carthage, who built these walls twelve hundred years ago, had no need to be sparing of limestone ashlars and granite blocks. The upland along the seacoast, the silent desert called Carthage, through which to-day the goatherds wander, gave him all the material he needed in order to build this eternal monument to his god.

Behind the mighty doorway a white-bearded Arab, custodian of the mosque, was waiting for me. He led me into the prayer-room. Here is Carthage.

Here is Carthage. Here is gathered together all that remains of the splendor and the riches of the city's kings. Here they stand, witnesses and survivors of a vanished world. In this

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endless twilight stand an army of pillars wrought in onyx, marble, porphyry, and granite. These stone steps may once have led to the temple of Esmun or Astarte. These buttresses stood on the citadel around which raged the last despairing combat, and these flagstones with Punic inscriptions must once have adorned the swarming market-place of Carthage. On these gleaming bluish marble slabs there are still traces of the ruts worn by ancient carts.

Here is all that now remains of the Punic world. Here and here alone — and yet I cannot see Carthage. I see stones and pillars, but I can form no picture of the busy and warlike city. They are changed, torn out of their period, wrenched away from the life that created them. They have forgotten their vanished gods, Baal and Astarte, and they all stand here like renegades without memory, serving the fame of another god who never dies and who knows no shadow of the change of all things. I leave the prayer-room disillusioned. Even here I have sought Carthage in vain. Even here I have found only a museum — a gigantic museum, it is true, and one that dispenses with glass cases and wall exhibits, but for all that only a heap of collected things without soul or life or any trace of greatness. Outside the minaret rises in the bright sunlight. I climb the stone stairs, until a little Arab boy whom the custodian of the mosque has called joins me. At the third landing he stops and points at the wall. 'A fish,' he says.

I had not seen it before. In the wall of the minaret an ancient slab of marble has been set that bears the picture of a muræna in magnificent mosaic work. Two steps more, and my little guide pauses again. This time it is a picture in relief of a girl gathering flowers to which he draws my attention. The minaret has a hundred and fifty-two steps, and Hassan Ibn-el-Noman who built it, a great campaigner, made use of mosaics, inscribed tablets, glazed tiles, votive stones, capitals, and fragments of statues, for his building material. As he leads me, I look at my little guide, who never wearies of pointing out new bits of artistic work. On the right is the tendril of a vine, on the left Orpheus among the beasts; a step farther one spray of ivy, a dove, fragments of a hunting-scene, a bearded priest's head, and terra-cotta masques. Nothing escapes him.

'A scorpion,' he says, and points to a relief in a little niche, hardly recognizable in the darkness.

So much zeal deserved baksheesh. I took a two-franc piece out of my pocket, but wonder of wonders! the lad did not reach for the money, nor did he even look at it. He reached out his hand and fumbled for mine. And now for the first time his movements betrayed the fact that my little guide was blind.

There are many blind in the city, but this one knew every stone in the old building. The ancient fragments, the half-destroyed reliefs, the fish, the ivy branch, the scorpion are his world. He knows them and can call them by their names, although he has never seen them, and blind though he is, he guided me better than many another whose eyes could see.

And now, as I looked after the boy hurrying away, I knew that I must seek elsewhere after vanished Carthage. The streetcars ply across its site, a smug and dismal villa quarter calls itself Salammbô, a factory chimney smokes not far from the Hamilcar station. I must not seek for Carthage with my eyes. The little Arab boy has taught me that eyes are nothing and the seeing mind everything.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

WINTER BIRD

BY KATHERINE MANSFIELD

[*Adelphi*]

My bird, my darling,
Calling through the cold afternoon!
Those round bright notes,
Each one so perfect
Shaken from the other and yet
Hanging together in flashing clusters!
The small soft flowers and the ripe fruit,
All are gathered.
It is the season now of nuts and berries
And round bright flashing drops
On the frozen grass.

THE CHOICE

BY E. S. BARLOW

[*Return and Other Poems*]

The little lark trilled out in glee
And ecstasy, and ecstasy.
'Oh look, the skies are blue,' he said.
'Why don't you come up too,' he said,
'And play with me?'

The little mole who burrows deep
Began to creep, began to creep.
'The earth is warm and dark,' said he,
'Why emulate the lark?' said he.
'Come down and sleep.'

'Alas, dear lark, I cannot fly.
You soar too high, you soar too high.
My place is underground,' I said,
'And earth shall wrap me round,' I said,
'There where I lie.'

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BEETHOVEN'S INSTRUMENTS

La Semaine Littéraire, of Geneva, describes the dispersal of Beethoven's pianos and other musical instruments — of which the Beethoven Haus in Bonn has the largest collection — after the composer's death. The string instruments were valued at 78 florins in the inventory drawn up for the heirs, but the brothers Iskit bought them for 200 and sold them to the Royal Library in Berlin, whence they later returned to Bonn.

This inventory mentions only one piano, valued at 100 florins, but sold to Spina for 181. It was presented to Liszt and after his death went to Prince Hohenlohe, who in 1887 presented it to the National Museum in Budapest. The grand piano now in the museum at Bonn was presented to Beethoven by Conrad Graf, the maker, and was returned to the maker after the composer's death. The instrument later became the property of the bookseller Wimmer, who made it part of his daughter's dowry when she married the clergyman Wiedemann, and through their son it eventually reached the Beethoven Haus in Bonn.

The Swiss review does not mention an edifying tale about this piano which the quiet old caretaker in the old Beethoven Haus could tell if he wanted to. Some years ago a young lady visited the house in company with a party of tourists, and before anyone could stop her seated herself quickly at the piano and began to play. When she had finished, she turned to the custodian and said: 'What do you think of my playing on Beethoven's piano?'

'*Ach*,' said the old fellow, 'you are not quite like Mr. Paderewski, who was here last week and remarked that he was unworthy to play on it.'

The Beethoven Haus has also a small English *piano à marteaux* dating from the later part of the eighteenth century, but it is not certain whether Beethoven ever played on it.

✤

THE EDUCATION OF ENGLISH GIRLS

THE extraordinary strides which the education of English women has made in the last half-century are pointed out in the *Times* by Miss F. R. Gray, President of the Association of Headmistresses. When the desire for university education began to be widespread among English women in the early seventies, there were only two colleges ready to receive them, Girton and Newnham, then newly founded, and there were many obstacles to be overcome. Only a few of the great schools for girls were at work.

In 1874 Frances Mary Buss collected a group of eight women and founded the present Association of Headmistresses. Their proposals greatly shocked one of the leaders in women's education of the day, Mrs. S. C. Hall, whose generation went back almost to that of Jane Austen and who saw no good in university education for young women because 'there is no greater set of "muffs" and extravagant fellows in life than our college lads.'

The eight headmistresses began the long battle, which is still not quite finished in the English universities, to open all university degrees to women as well as men. More women began to go to universities and more university women began to find their way into the schools as teachers. It was largely due to Miss Buss that girl

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students were given essentially the same subjects as their brothers.

At first, partly owing to the inexperience of the teachers and partly to the industry of the students themselves, there was a real danger that they might be overworked. It was Miss Buss who introduced the system of medical examination. The early attitude toward sports was varied. Some of the headmistresses shuddered at the idea of their charges' playing strenuous outdoor games. On the other hand, one of the eight additional members of the Association was encouraging girls to play cricket fifty years ago. Elderly ladies shuddered at this appalling innovation, which they called 'the thin end of the wedge.' Hockey came later, and presently lawn tennis found its way into the schools.

✽

FILMING AND FIGHTING WILD WOLVES

AN extraordinary new film, *Le Miracle des Loups*, has been produced by the *Société Française des Romans Historiques Filmés*, in which wild wolves were employed together with human actors, who ran very considerable risks. The leading man was badly mauled in one encounter and escaped only by killing the wolf in a hand-to-fang struggle. The wolves were collected in England, Italy, Norway, and Poland, since it was impracticable to import them from Russia. Twenty in all were brought to Vincennes. They were so wild that when they were first put together in the same cage terrific battles followed.

After the wolves had grown used to one another and had stopped fighting, they were taken to the Col de Porte, near Grenoble, which is 1400 metres in height and covered with snow. Here a large enclosure of 2000 square metres was prepared, within which the scenes with the wolves were filmed.

The leading woman, Madame Sergyl, is discovered in one scene kneeling and praying in the snow, with the wolves all about her. She was knocked down by the brutes several times and her clothing torn, although she herself seems to have escaped injury. A number of the actors who fought with the wolves were savagely bitten. One was seized by the throat and overthrown, a second was saved only by the timely use of his dagger — and all the time the man at the camera calmly cranked.

✽

WAGNER AND MR. FRANK HARRIS

THERE is a fine to-do in the columns of the London *Sunday Times*, where Ernest Newman — who is, except for Percy Scholes, the best-known musical critic in London — has set himself to correct some of the reminiscences of Wagner which Frank Harris has printed in his latest book. Mr. Newman asserts that either Wagner's memory played him false, or else the lapse of years has affected Mr. Harris's own recollection of what was said to him.

Mr. Newman points out a number of details in which the Harris stories are at variance with contemporary letters or other documents. One of the most intimately personal is the story of Wagner and Fräulein Bertha Goldwag, who did a great deal of sewing for the composer, chiefly of the silk drapery which he loved. Mr. Harris's account is very precise. He asserts that Wagner told him that Fräulein Bertha made him a large number of silk underclothes to enable him to endure a skin rash which was very painful, that he tricked her into waiting for payment, and that he eventually paid her with money given him by King Ludwig. Mr. Harris quotes the composer as saying: 'I paid her threefold.'

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Mr. Newman, however, is able to check the Harris account by a series of Wagner's letters to this very dressmaker. He asserts that she did not make underwear for the musician, but luxurious household decorations and dressing-gowns; that there was no need for Wagner to trick her into delaying payment, because his first orders were very slight; that he never paid her threefold, but on the contrary checked her accounts carefully; and that after he was under King Ludwig's protection he paid his dressmaker very slowly and in rather small amounts.

These sartorial and financial details have no great importance in themselves, but the suggestion that Mr. Harris's extremely vivacious account of the composer may be inaccurate — for whatever reason — is at least worth consideration when made by such high authority.

✽

VENTILATION IN THE LABOR GOVERNMENT

FRESH-AIR fanatics will be gratified by a story of the new Labor Government which the *Manchester Guardian* prints: —

Mrs. Sidney Webb has just added to the store of Government office stories. Just after her husband went to the Board of Trade, she recounts, she called one morning to inspect his office and see that all was comfortable for him. Being informed that he was out, she explained who she was and asked permission to go to his room. Her story, she plainly saw, was received with hesitation, but she was allowed to inspect the office in company with an official. 'Ah,' she said, 'I am glad to see you have the windows open.' The official's manner relaxed immediately. Almost the first thing Mr. Webb had said on entering the room, he explained, had been, 'You had better open the windows or you will have my wife after you.' Her remark was taken as proof of identity.

LORD KITCHENER AND THOMAS HARDY

THIS anecdote has behind it the authority of the *Sunday Times* — a weekly newspaper much given to gossip about famous folk.

At a dinner table many years ago the conversation turned on Hardy's poems. Lord Kitchener was among the guests and, listening impatiently for a while, he broke in with, 'Who is this Thomas Hardy you 're all talking about?' Softly came the reply, 'Mr. Hardy, Lord Kitchener, is like yourself, a member of the Order of Merit.'

✽

WOODCOCKS AS SURGEONS

SOME years ago Dr. William J. Long, a well-known American student of nature, published an account of a woodcock that he had seen placing a broken leg in a skillfully improvised clay cast. His account of this extraordinary fact was at that time received with some skepticism in scientific circles. *L'Écho de Paris*, however, now publishes a series of similar observations made by various individuals in Sardinia, Thrace, and France, supplementing an earlier article on the surgical capacities of the woodcock.

The writer of the latest article declares that he possesses seven letters describing extraordinary things that these birds have accomplished. Dr. Guido Pabis, at one time attached to the Italian Embassy, tells of having killed two woodcocks in Sardinia and Thrace that had covered their wounds with earth or mud mixed with grass or down. M. G. Carron tells of having killed a woodcock in Doubs that had covered a bullet wound in the foot with 'a kind of plaster made of a mixture of earth, grass, and small feathers, the whole closely adjusted and thoroughly hardened.' Another woodcock, killed in Allier by M. Duringe, had a some-

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what similar dressing on an old wound that was then perfectly cured.

No scientific man is likely to accept newspaper reports of this sort without careful investigation, but the similarity of these European observations to those independently made in America is at least significant.

✻

NEW DISCOVERIES AT KNOSSOS

ARCHÆOLOGICAL discoveries of unexpected importance are reported in Knossos by Sir Arthur Evans, who has devoted most of the last twenty years to excavations on this traditional site of the palace of Minos. The palace of Knossos has long presented a puzzle to archæologists because it apparently lacked a second entrance worthy of its magnificence. The north gate which had long been known was a mere narrow passageway, and the west porch was little better than a side door. The excavators often conjectured that the main approach was from the south, but later peoples, who had made use of this part of the building as a quarry, had practically destroyed it.

Sir Arthur Evans, carrying his researches farther down the slope, has now discovered a portico with a rising line of supporting pillars which clearly formed the beginning of a state entrance. Opposite this, under an alluvial deposit, he has discovered remains of an ancient viaduct and bridgehead, the most imposing structure that has yet been discovered in Crete. This is believed to be the abutment of the great southern road leading across the island.

Further investigations under the alluvial deposit reveal what is probably the most ancient hotel in history. Travelers are known to have passed back and forth between Crete and Egypt, and this ancient inn was probably devised for their benefit. There is a delicate frieze of decorative plants and birds in what appears to have been the dining-room, so that the Victorian custom of using pictures of game and fruit for dining-room adornments has the sanction of antiquity. Another room has arrangements for washing the feet, and a passage leads down to what is apparently a little chapel, thereby anticipating the recent innovation of an American hotel. The viaduct is believed to date from the middle bronze age, or about 2000 B.C., contemporary with the XII Egyptian dynasty.

✻

A THEATRE TRUST IN BERLIN

BERLIN'S centralization of theatrical power in a few hands is already beginning to resemble closely the situation long familiar to New York. The passing of the famous Lessing Theater into the hands of the brothers Rotter gives this firm their sixth house and makes them the biggest theatre trust in Europe.

That they should acquire the Lessing Theater is especially significant because of its high artistic traditions, for it is run by Victor Barnowsky after the traditions established by Otto Brahms, the manager under whom Reinhardt studied. The new owners at first proposed to permit Herr Barnowsky to continue as lessee for a quarter of a million gold marks annual rental, but since Herr Barnowsky was unable to pay this sum the brothers Rotter, unwilling to offend public opinion, have compromised by reëngaging most of his actors, so that for the time, at least, one of the most famous artistic theatres of Berlin will continue on the old lines. They are, however, introducing an approximation of the star system — which is not auspicious for the future of dramatic art.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Little Mexican, and Other Stories, by Aldous Huxley. London: Chatto and Windus, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Observer*]

THE opulence of Mr. Huxley's talent speaks in every page of these short stories, and is only equaled in impressiveness by the confidence with which it is employed. His refusal to hurry effects is a perfectly delightful experience if one comes fresh from contact with more commercialized 'producers.' 'Uncle Spencer,' the longest and most considerable of these pieces, is a model of deliberation: the figures take shape, touch by touch, as the tale meanders along — the expatriated English male old maid, the Flemish sisters, the little Cockney music-hall girl — and not even the supers are scamped. The spirit of 'Uncle Spencer' and of 'Little Mexican' is essentially comic, and in that vein the author's ingenuity seems able to spend itself at once freely and without waste, even if some of its unconventionalities are scarcely worth while. 'The Portrait' stands, with some slightness, in the same class, as against the other three stories, with their French professional overstrain of *amertume*. An English writer cannot attain in that medium to more than cleverness: if he means to make pain an ingredient of art, he must approach it more gravely. Mr. Huxley is still young enough to enjoy the sensations of sheer experiment. But he would be wasting his time on repetitions of 'Fard' or 'Young Archimedes.'

The Revival of Europe, by Horace G. Alexander. London: Allen & Unwin. 1924. Cloth, 5*s.*; paper, 3*s.* 6*d.*

[*Daily Herald*]

MR. ALEXANDER has done an exceptionally valuable piece of work. He has written an honest book on the League of Nations.

That is a rare, if not a unique, feat. For of most writing, and most speaking, on the League, I can only say that it fills one with contempt for the authors and with despair for the League. Our need is urgent for stark honesty in thinking, for fearless facing of reality. But we have instead from these apologists self-deceit, cowardly evasion, obstinate illusion. That way lies ruin for the League and for Europe. These propagandists of ostrichdom are enemies of society.

Mr. Alexander is of another school. He does not fulminate against the League. He believes in it. And because of his belief he criticizes, not disguising failure but probing for its causes. His calmly scientific treatment is a fine contrast to the theological hallucinations of the hot-gospelers.

And the conclusion of it all. That 'there is no short cut to peace in a world where separate States care more for power and dominance than for peace.' In other words, you cannot gather pacific grapes from imperialist thorns, nor do leopards change their spots by getting in a herd. The League to-day is impotent to carry out its chief purpose, because it is a League of robber States. It can only function when its member States have changed their nature.

And — to carry the argument a step further — those States can only change their nature by changing their economic basis. Capitalist Imperialism and the League are fundamentally incompatible. And unless we overthrow Capitalism, Capitalism will strangle the League.

But that, being a sober statement of hard fact, is terrible to the gentlemen who want both worlds at once — the fleshpots of Capitalism and the peace of internationalism. And so they shrink hastily back to their comfortable dreams.

Let them be. They are a poor lot. But as to Mr. Alexander, get his book and read it. It will clear your mind of the others' cant.

The Cruise of the Amaryllis, by G. H. P. Muhlhausen. London: John Lane, 1924. 8*s.* 6*d.*

[*New Statesman*]

IF the title of this book suggests the summer holiday of an amateur yachtsman instead of a three years' voyage round the world in a small boat, it is in keeping with the modesty of the author, the late Lieutenant Muhlhausen. Other characteristics of his were an intense love of the sea, and a fearlessness and an ability to do without comfort that enabled him, amateur sailor though he was, to endure twenty-six months in a mine-sweeper and eighteen months in Q-ships, and to finish up his war-service in the cramped quarters of an armed trawler. After these experiences it would have been excusable if he had, for the rest of his life, carefully nourished a distaste for the sea, and especially for life in a small boat. Instead of this, however, his appetite was but whetted for further adventures, and he refused to contemplate sleeping quietly in his bed as a plain business-man in Essex. Consequently he bought the Amaryllis, a twenty-eight-ton yawl, and embarked with an inadequate crew on a thirty-one-thousand-mile voyage to the West Indies, through the Panama

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Canal to the South Seas, Australia, and New Zealand, and home by the East Indies, Singapore, the Red Sea, and the Mediterranean. The Amaryllis is the third smallest boat that has gone round the world, and actually the smallest that has sailed on such a voyage from England.

Unfortunately Lieutenant Muhlhausen died within a few weeks of his return. During the voyage he had kept a very full diary on which this book is based. His plain, graphic, sailor-like narrative makes excellent reading; there are many photographs and maps; and a Memoir by Mr. Keble Chatterton and an Introduction by Mr. Claud Worth contribute to the record of a remarkable feat of endurance and seamanship.

East of Prague: Impressions of Czechoslovakia, by C. J. C. Street. London: Geoffrey Bles, 1924. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Corsica, the Scented Isle, by Dorothy Archer. London: Methuen, 1924. 10*s.* 6*d.*

[Edmund Candler in *The Nation and the Athenæum*]

PERSIA is probably better known to travelers, certainly to readers of travel books, than Czechoslovakia. I think Mr. Street's is the first book on the country, at any rate the first book of travel, and, if I were going there, I should certainly take it with me. He is, of course, a Czechophile and a Slovakophile, and believes in the stability of the new Republic. The problem of land reform was a test, and a solution has been arrived at that satisfies the land hunger of the people with the least measure of inconvenience to the proprietors. But politics is merely incidental in the volume. As regards the future, Mr. Street is wisely reticent, though obviously sanguine. His main interest is the spirit of the people. That is all we have to go on at present, and Mr. Street's interpretation of it makes his volume cheerful reading. A reasonably optimistic book about post-war conditions in Central Europe is rare and stimulating.

Miss Archer on Corsica is equally cheerful. Nobody having once dipped into her book could endure a sojourn in the island without it. She tells you exactly where to go, and at what seasons. She does not bore you with politics — conditions in Corsica seem to be happily static — or with history. Not a word about Napoleon, — and that surely is a test, — but a great deal about flowers, the plants that make up the *maquis*, and of which the scent is often smelled far out at sea. One knows the tribal smell of labiates in a Southern country. And in the dog days we are taken up to Vizzavona where there is another and richer flora, and linger there till October, when, 'revived by the welcome rain after the long summer drought, the moss on the huge boulders in the forest becomes fresh and green again, and everywhere the autumn cyclamen makes patches of pink under the pines, in great clumps on mossy rocks, or round the twisted roots of the beech trees.' The flowers are so many that they have a separate index, longer than the other index. To the flower-lover it is a fragrant and seductive book, and seems to exude the smell of thyme, the *Thymus herba barona* of the Mediterranean.

Letters Written during the Indian Mutiny, by Field-Marshal Earl Roberts. London: Macmillan, 1924. 10*s.* 6*d.*

[Chartres Biron in the *London Mercury*]

LORD ROBERTS'S letters are not in the least literary, but make excellent reading. If the matter were not of such serious interest, the word 'jolly' would be an almost irresistible epithet. Probably no thirty letters ever told a more remarkable story. Between May 14, 1857, and April 1858 an unknown subaltern had established a reputation and emerged Major Fred Roberts, V.C.: —

'I have been recommended for the Victoria Cross. The letter says for repeated gallantry in the field, more especially on 2nd June, 1858, when Lieutenant Fred Roberts captured a rebel standard, killing the standard bearer, and on the same day saved the life of an irregular cavalryman by cutting down a sepoy who was attacking him with a musket and bayonet.'

He writes to his father an account of the storming of Delhi. It must have been a near-run thing: 'Up our men went beautifully like a pack of hounds. Our gunners had done their work so well that the breach was perfect and we gained the ramparts with a comparatively slight loss.'

Some of the letters are grim enough, but the innate kindness of the man breaks through: —

'Going a little farther I came upon three women watching the dead bodies of their husbands, none of them sepoys, I believe. It was such a sad sight, however, that I felt quite unhappy and wished most sincerely this horrid war were at an end.'

BOOKS MENTIONED

BARLOW, E. S. *Return and Other Poems.* London: Grant Richards, 1924. 3*s.* 6*d.*

TOLLER, ERNST. *Masses and Man* (*Masse-Mensch*): *A Fragment of the Social Revolution of the Twentieth Century.* Translated from the German by Vera Mendel. London: Nonesuch Press, 1924. 4*s.* 6*d.*

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This Week

A German pacifist makes a plea, which will be greeted with growls from some corners, urging America to lead the world on the Path of Peace. He says that we are occupying an ambiguous position and advises us to snap out of it.

* * *

More Romanov revelations appear this week, touching upon Tsar Nicholas II's children and the fearsome Rasputin. The young ladies of the family spoke only Russian and English fluently and they blew kisses to their social inferiors.

* * *

Haymaking, Bolshevist style, is a rough sport, thanks to the preservation of some noble old customs. When the harvest is gathered in, the young men of a certain tribe have a way of throwing the young ladies into the river, clothes and all, beginning with the prettiest and working down.

* * *

At Omsk on the River Om, the temperature goes down to seventy below zero and the restaurants hold in readiness a bowl of hot water in which their patrons may thaw the icicles out of their beards. Mr. Dubarbier describes this famous winter-resort while Kolchak was there, surrounded by Italians, Japanese, Frenchmen, and Englishmen. The latter had not forgotten to bring their propaganda with them.

* * *

For all the implications of bloody and desperate combat in the title, 'Idealism versus History' turns out to be nothing more contentious than a comparison between *Saint Joan* and one of the German Expressionist plays — *Masse-Mensch*, by Ernst Toller. Mr. Reed feels that the failure of idealism is 'a fact to be faced' rather than 'a problem to be solved.' A helpful suggestion, surely.

* * *

Oda Olberg writes with lyrical indignation of the murder of Giacomo Matteotti, Italian Socialist leader who was done in by five Fascist hooligans. His last words were, 'Long live Socialism.'

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To-Day

The Fiction Number of Scribner's Magazine is out.

* * *

Five short stories, a play by Rachel Crothers, a serial by John Galsworthy, reminiscences of E. P. Mitchell, Roy Garis's "How the New Immigration Law Works," William Lyon Phelps, Royal Cortissoz, A. D. Noyes, a special poetry supplement and other features.

* * *

This is the best Fiction Number we have ever put out. The stories appeal to your sympathy and understanding, and are as various as they are numerous.

* * *

If you have ever been in love you cannot fail to be moved by "Sentinels" the story by Louise Saunders.

* * *

Or if your sense of humor is not moribund, you will appreciate "Roly Poly Chubb."

* * *

If you've ever had a day and ten dollars and were not obliged to account for either, the high sense of adventure which came to you will return when you read "Smile and Lie" by George S. Brooks.

* * *

A play by Rachel Crothers is — a play by Rachel Crothers. "Old Lady 31," "Nice People," "39 East," and, finally, "Expressing Willie" show what that means. This new play is in one act and is called "Peggy."

* * *

Even if you haven't been following Galsworthy's "The White Monkey" in Scribner's Magazine it is worth picking up now.

* * *

There is a certain lure about the journalistic world. "The Newspaper Man's Newspaper" by Edward P. Mitchell, filled with famous figures of this world, has also caught its romance.

* * *

There is fact, fiction, and fancy to please the most fastidious in the Fiction Number of Scribner's Magazine — out to-day.

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